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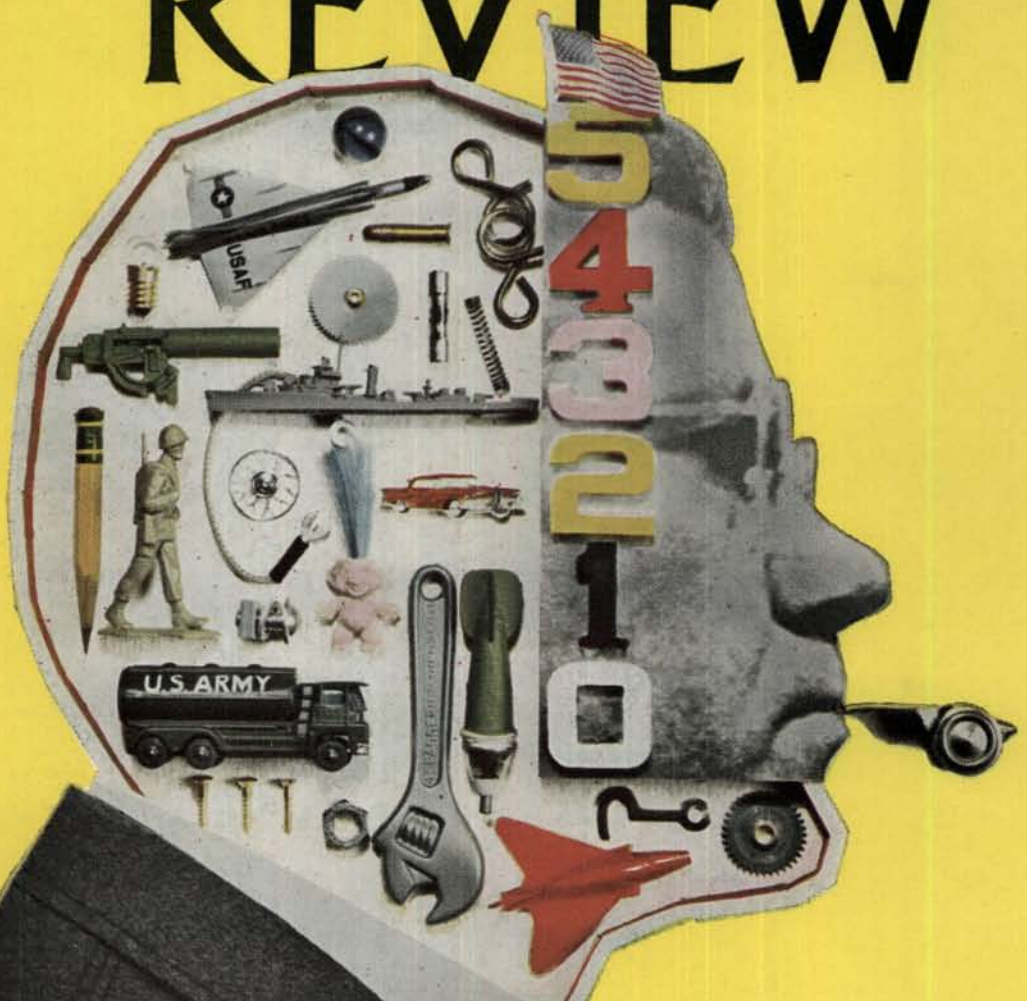
NOVEMBER 15, 1966

LARE BOOTHE LUCE
views Wm. F. Buckley's
New Book

NATIONAL REVIEW



Why do they hate Robert Strange McNamara?

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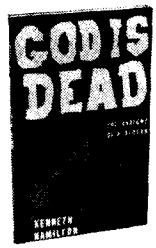

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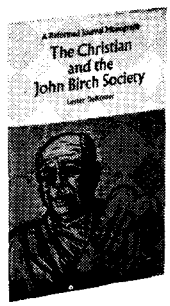

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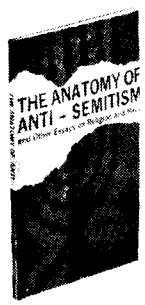

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NOVEMBER 15, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

Vol. XVIII No. 46

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We look into the case against McNamara, a case that has been building among critics of the Left and of the Right for almost as long as Robert Strange McNamara has held office, which is to say, as long as any citizen has ever been allowed to remain a member of the President's Cabinet. **James Burnham,** who analyzes the man and his works, is exceptionally well qualified to do so, having produced, some 26 years ago, *The Managerial Revolution,* which effectively spotted the trends toward modern management that were to characterize complex economies in the present epoch; and having produced, as a matter of continuing concern, outstanding commentaries on the West's confrontation with Communism, including *The Struggle for the World* and *Suicide of the West.* How does McNamara fit in with the established Burnham worldview? Largely by reason of the fact that, as Mr. Burnham writes on p. 1162, McNamara is the "perfect exemplar of the top level of the new managerial class," a modern technician of contemporary business methodology whose policies excite both the leftist hatred of business and the rightist resistance to reform. Thus Robert McNamara is everybody's enemy in a world where realities of power, more than ideological postulates, determine the shape of things that are, and that are to come. . . . **Justus M. Van Der Kroef,** who contributes the timely article on Peking's next target, the Philippines, is a professor at the University of Bridgeport and has taught and traveled throughout the Orient. . . . What the future may hold for Canada (i.e., closer economic ties to the U. S.) and for Spain (i.e., Gibraltar and her Rock) are dealt with by **Anthony Harrigan** and **James Fletcher** respectively. Mr. Harrigan, Associate Editor of the *News and Courier* (Charleston), has just published *Rhodesia: Ordeal of Independence;* and Mr. Fletcher, Virginia-born, is writing a post-doctoral thesis at Oxford.

➔ Our columnists are **Wm. F. Buckley** on Britain's Communist escape artist, **Frank S. Meyer** on egalitarian College Boards, **E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** on religion in Eastern Europe, **Russell Kirk** on phonics, and **Nika Standen Hazelton** on a food editors' conference she most emphatically did *not* attend.

➔ **Clare Boothe Luce** reviews a Good Guy *vs.* Bad Guy story of New York under the delightful nutshell-heading, "The Victor Belongs to the Spoils." The book: *The Unmaking of a Mayor,* by Mr. Buckley. . . . Another fable of our time, Allen Drury's latest work of fiction, gets bravissimos from the *Indianapolis News'* **M. Stanton Evans.** . . . What you and I and the Yugoslav Communist historian Vladimir Dedijer don't know about those who did in the Archduke Ferdinand is readily supplied by **Stefan T. Possony,** Director of the Hoover Institution's International Political Studies Program. . . . **John D. Kirwan,** who writes science fiction, knows an authentic science fiction movie when he sees one, and has just seen one. ➔

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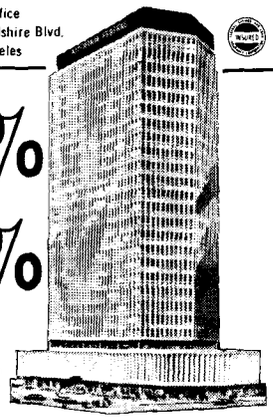

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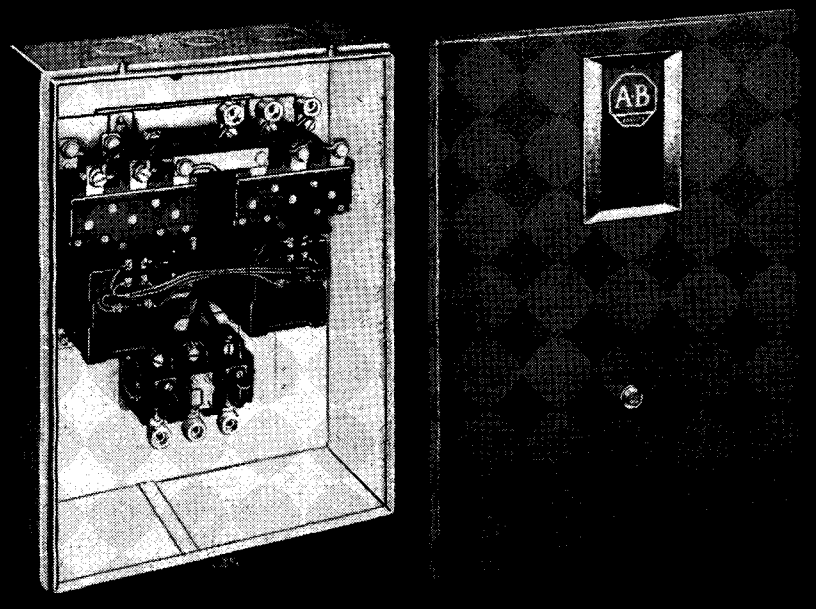

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TO THE EDITOR

Hungary

NATIONAL REVIEW's superb cover story, "Hungary in Revolt" (Nov. 1) should be preserved as a lasting tribute. What a contrast those Dostoevskian expressions of hope and grief are to the self-satisfied, over-publicized draft-card burners and peace-at-any-price advocates.

Your fine treatment of this tragic episode in recent history gives the lie (and should give pause) to those misguided humanitarians.

St. Louis, Mo. RICHARD S. FUEGNER

In the name of my husband, a physician who left Hungary in 1956 after the Revolution, I would like to thank you for your wonderful photo section and the comments commemorating the tenth anniversary of this sad event. At that time I myself, being Viennese, was working in Vienna at the Canadian embassy and will never forget the tragic events and the incredible misery I saw, whole families, mothers with newborn babies in their arms fleeing towards the Austrian frontier followed by Russian tanks. Miles and miles of these poor people queued in front of the U.S. embassy and the Canadian embassy. I still remember with shame and anger the disappointment of those brave men and women who were let down by the Western powers after years of encouragement and promises. It was a turning point in the history of Western civilization.

MRS. LASZLO STEINGASZNER

Baltimore, Md.

Remembering Cedric

My first reaction upon reading the disquisition entitled "Of Hair" in the Nov. 1 issue of *NR* was: "Would that I had a beard to chortle in!", for chortle I did, most heartily. Whoever wrote that squib deserves a deep salaam, not only for having turned out a highly amusing bit of writing, but for having pointed out a few homely truths that have been buried by the decibel level of the foofaraw that most adults have raised over the fad.

The question might well be raised why the adults of the land are making such bloody asses of themselves. Setting aside the common excuses given (reflex opposition to anything "different" or unconventional, the association—not so reliable now—of long hair with delinquency and/or beatnikism), I think the root cause is traceable further back. I lay the blame squarely on Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and her book, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Little Cedric was just

(Continued on p. 1137)

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More Electrifying than Allen Drury's Pulitzer-Prize Winning ADVISE AND CONSENT, and Perhaps Far More Important to America's Future . . . this stabbing exposé of the Liberal press

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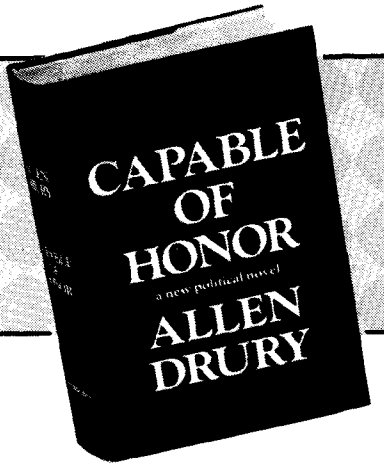

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More than that, this President is not afraid to *talk* back. The Liberal press, ever in happy harmony with "world opinion", rushes in to heap abuse on President Hudson for this "aggression". The UN moves to censure us — and then our President staggers them by doing The Unthinkable — as the book comes to one of its overwhelming climaxes.

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Orrin Knox, the Taft-like statesman who is tormented unmercifully by the Liberals. But the press dares not give the same treatment to Knox's aide and friend . . .

Cullee Hamilton. This strapping Negro Congressman, patriotic and fearless, sends the Liberals into sheer hysteria as he stands before the Security Council and proclaims that the United Nations is the greatest mechanism for liars in the history of mankind.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1134)

a bit too *damned* goody-goody to be real or palatable to youth of any generation. Cedric did, however, appeal strongly to sentimental mothers, many of whom tried to remake their children in his image, if not his spirit. Thomas Wolfe was one such victim, as I recall. The revulsion thus created against long hair persists as a sort of racial memory to this day and is, as I see it, the cause of much of the fuss.

Again, let me salute your magazine as being the first among the public prints (so far as I know) to raise a voice of reason amid the cacophony of heated protest against what is actually a harmless enough fad. "This, too, shall pass" is indeed the best motto.

Cheshire, Conn. GEORGE A. BLACKER

Additions . . .

Might I say I truly enjoyed your "Elections 1966—Conservatives Si" [Nov. 1], but I must hasten to add the name of the Honorable Clark MacGregor who has served the 3rd District here in Minnesota so superbly for the past six years.

Excelsior, Minn. MRS. LEE BOHLMANN

Re "Notes and Asides" [Nov. 1]; while I'm always delighted with statistics which give *NR* a leg up on the competition, isn't your table of Magazine Publishers Association figures missing something?

New York, N.Y. ANGUS CAMPION

Yes. It left out "single copies sold," which is almost (but not quite) synonymous with "newsstand sales," and does not in any way reflect the total paid circulation of the magazines listed. —ED.

And Corrections

Francis Russell was incorrect in saying Pierre Salinger "won a special California election to the United States Senate" in his review of Mr. Salinger's book, *With Kennedy*, in the October 18th *NR*.

Actually Mr. Salinger was appointed to his Senate seat upon the death of Clair Engle by Gov. Edmund G. Brown. The appointment came after Mr. Salinger defeated Alan Cranston in the Democratic primary and before he lost to George Murphy in the general election.

Fullerton, Cal. JIM DRUMMOND

NATIONAL REVIEW has accepted too readily the contention by Mark Lane and Hugh Trevor-Roper that the doctors in Dallas who saw President Kennedy's throat wound believed that it looked like an entrance wound and not like an exit wound [Oct. 18].

The Warren Commission *Hearings* showed that six doctors saw the wound

(Continued on p. 1138)

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1137)

before the tracheotomy altered its appearance. Three of them—Drs. Carrico (Hearings, vol. III, pp. 363, 365; vol. VI, p. 5), Perry (III, 372-73, 377, 388-89; VI, 14-15), and Akin (VI, 65-66)—thought that it looked as much like one type of wound as the other; one doctor—Dr. Jenkins (VI, 48-50)—thought that it looked like an exit wound—and only the two others—Drs. Baxter (VI, 42) and Jones (VI, 55)—thought that it looked like an entrance wound. Thus two-thirds of the doctors gave testimony which does not support the argument that Kennedy was shot at least once from the front. For this majority Trevor-Roper's claim that the doctors accepted the possibility of a shot from the rear only after first insisting otherwise and then under pressure and with reservations is totally without support. Lane's statement that Dr. Carrico's initial written report described the throat wound as one of entrance is likewise incorrect.

The Warren Commission *Report* is not the only untrustworthy source of information about the assassination.

Ithaca, N.Y. ROBERT W. KILPATRICK

In one of your editorials in the October 4 issue, you state that Lord Dudley entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth in

(Continued on p. 1185)

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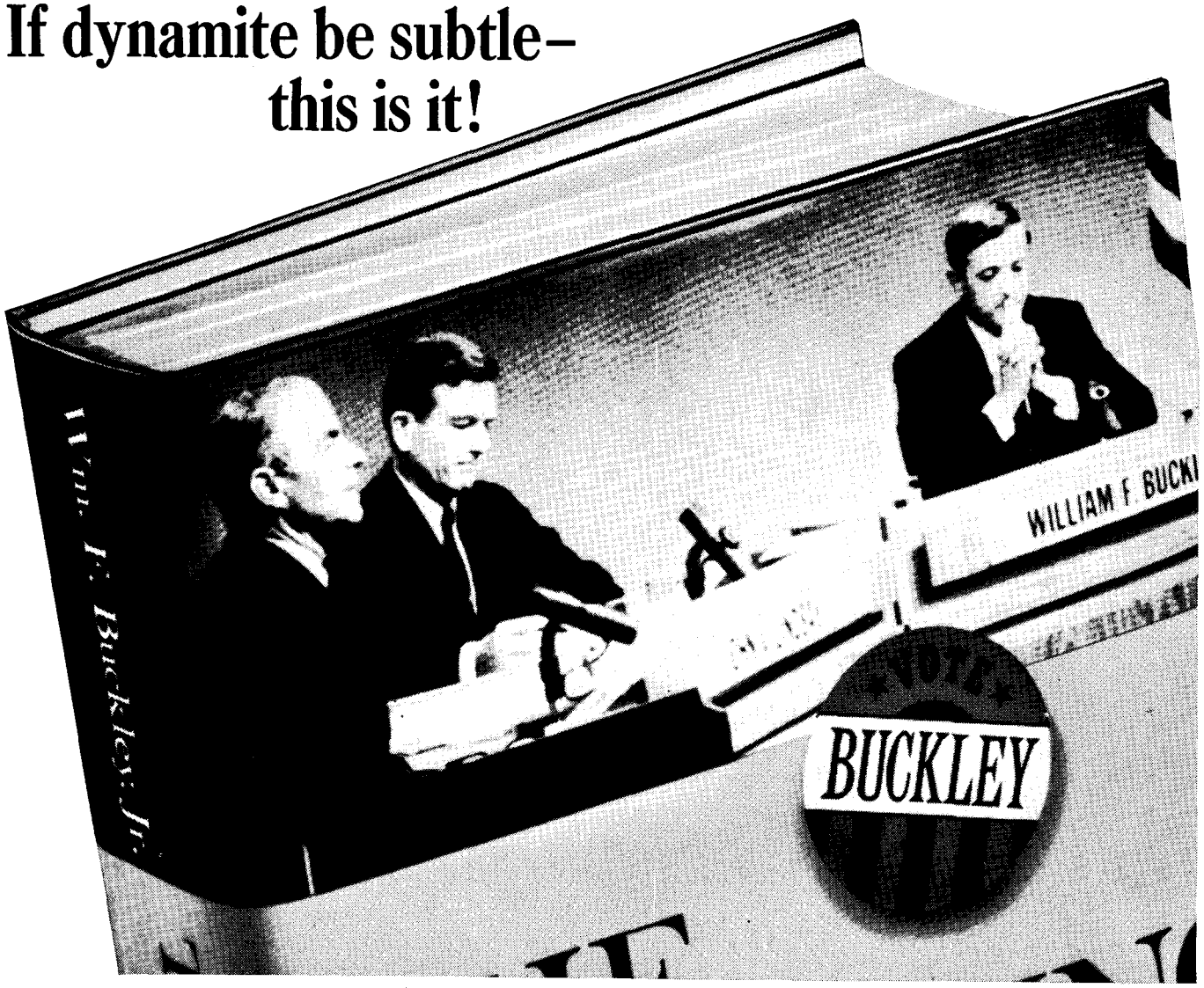

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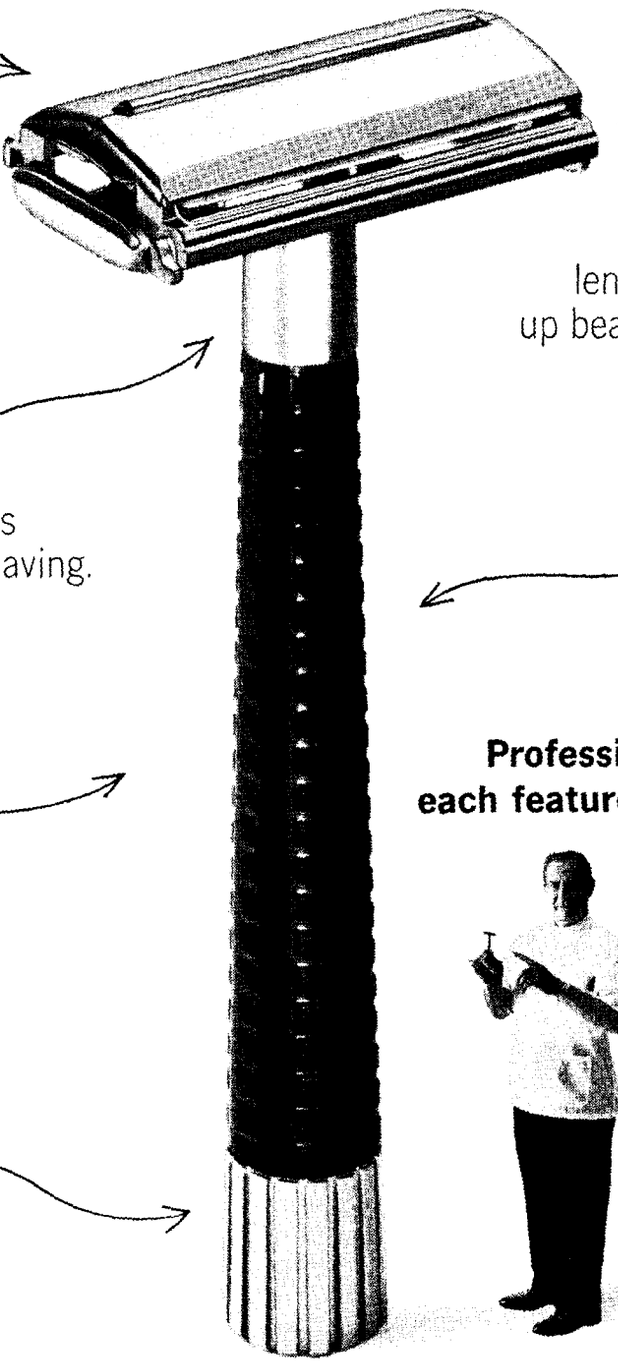

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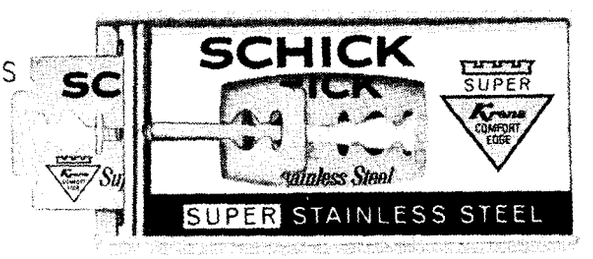

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The WEEK

● Fun City's gendarmerie has covered itself with glory (subject to civilian review) for having penetrated to the inmost councils of the local Minutemen, where the plans (they say) were hatching for an assault on three or four left-wing "summer camps" in the metropolis hinterland. On D-Day the fuzz moved in, arrested nineteen suspected Minutemen, and copped untold tons of bazookas, tank radios, grenades, mortars, cudgels, powder, ammo, knives, brass knucks, and associated hardware. Whew! A close call for the Forces of Decency. Now abideth that which ith mightier than the sword. Put down that silly gatling. Praise the Lord and pass the ink.

● It is the China Hour at the UN once again, when the annual bid to admit Red China is submitted to the General Assembly. The Committee of One Million has checked in with its regular and effective proclamation against admission and against U.S. diplomatic recognition—signed by 51 senators and 283 representatives. Also on hand, in the kind of united front we love to see, are a group of Liberals taking the hard line, led by AFL-CIO whip George Meany, Senator Paul Douglas, Professors Frank Trager and Louis Hacker, and novelist James (*Studs Lonigan*) Farrell.

● Not all the senators and congressmen approached by the *Congressional Quarterly* for its poll were cooperative. Some ignored its requests for them to define themselves as Hawk, Dove, or Satisfied with the Administration's Vietnam Policy. But when the best calculation had been made from available data, the *C Q* announced the following: 58.5 per cent or roughly twelve out of every twenty members of Congress support the present Asian policy of the Administration; 26.4 per cent or roughly five out of twenty are in favor of stronger action; 15.3 per cent or roughly three out of twenty are anxious to make peace at any price.

● None other than Kenneth Clark has urged NAACP leaders to quit emphasizing school integration and concentrate instead on quality education for Negro pupils. Clark is the Negro educator and psychologist who piloted *Brown* v. *Board of Education* to the epoch-making Supreme Court decision against unequal education in 1954. Now he thinks *de facto* segregation in Northern schools is hardening, and that Negroes should divert their efforts to improve schools they can call their own before laying claim to remoter ones. Clark's new position, coupled with recent anti-activist declarations by other civil rights spokesmen, suggests the "backlash" may not be limited to white racists voting their prejudices in the election booth.

● Housewives are marching. And 'tis a fearful sight, no matter how understandable the urge to clunk the grocer over the head with the handbag, to see so many spontaneous protests organized around the local supermarket while far away in Washington spending policies are perpetuated which cause the price of eggs and such inexorably to rise. Ladies, you need a Bayard Rustin, a Saul Alinsky, a Rosemary Gunning. Get thee to Pennsylvania Avenue. Make a proper stench, or all you'll get is that school-crossing traffic light they should have given you in 1959, when butter was only 68 cents a pound.

● Justice, for once, triumphed. Six sturdy citizens of Mamaroneck, New York are vindicated. They had engaged in public debate with an anti-Vietnam schoolteacher. Subsequently his school board failed to renew his contract. He filed suit against the six men and women, all of them in modest circumstances. In a classic gangup, he was joined by SANE, CORE, the National Education Association, the Anti-Defamation League, the Committee for Academic Freedom, and Norman Thomas. The defendant retained the same lawyer who defended NATIONAL REVIEW against Linus Pauling. Result: The case has been thrown out of court "with prejudice"—which means it is ended once and for all as far as the six are concerned. Mr. Francis McIntyre, spokesman for the defendants, deserves the congratulations of those who value courage and integrity.

● New York, having lost three daily papers in recent months (and having got nothing in return but the *World Journal Tribune*, that is to say, nothing) now learns the demand of the New York Typographical Union on the remaining papers for, as union president Bertram Powers puts it, "the biggest, fattest and juiciest contract ever," deadline March 1967. Among other trifles, the Union wants a 20 per cent increase of pay on the day shift, from $151.85 to $182.22 per week; a cost-of-living escalator clause; double time for Saturday and Sunday work—a complete innovation in the odd-houred newspaper business; increased publishers' contributions to pensions and welfare funds; two additional holidays, making ten; five-week paid vacations (instead of the present four); and paid sick leave (sick or not, of course) jumped from five to ten days annually. Mr. Powers explains that with the weaker papers now out of the way, the stronger one remaining can surely afford to meet these modest proposals.

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● Congressman and Lindsay-heir Theodore Kupferman pietistically informed an audience in New York's Greenwich Village that he was "not a hawk, not a dove, but a wise old owl." Whereupon Conservative Party candidate for Kupferman's seat Richard Callahan asked if that were confirmation of the rumor that Kupferman sleeps all day.

● Mrs. Lindsay of New York thought to appear to some 20,000 kiddies in Central Park and hand out $100,000 worth of free Hallowe'en favors donated by a toy manufacturer who would perhaps not, after all, wish to be mentioned. It was more a rout than a happening. Led by a brass-knuckled contingent of the young in heart, the little ones swept down upon the city's First Lady and her bodyguards, kicking and clawing amain. Adults carried off the biggest prizes. It took eighty policemen a half-hour to restore order. "Laughter," said the *New York Times,* brushing away a tear of innocent joy, "was everywhere."

● Since July, Westmoreland has focused the strength of his 58,000-man Third Marine Amphibious Force on Quangtri, a province of South Vietnam which abuts the demilitarized zone. Quangtri City appears a major goal for the North Vietnamese drive to the south; its loss would have considerable political significance in Vietnam. Johnson will presumably authorize the defoliation, especially in view of the stakes; it will not be the first time he has recognized that the only practical course is the one that he condemned as irresponsible in 1964.

● At his last recitation, for which the press, along with invited guests, assembled, President de Gaulle's scriptless delivery was cool as ever but the content of his remarks showed him at his most irascible. The Americans, he said, should negotiate with Red China, should recognize Red China, should let Red China into the UN, should leave Southeast Asia alone, should leave France alone, also Europe, also the world . . . Whirling on the pin of his anti-American obsession, de Gaulle even blasted West Germany (a gratuitous blast: Erhard's coalition had already dissolved) for wishing to continue friendly with us rather than listening to him, and pronounced it "totally detestable" that a "small country [North Vietnam] should be bombed by a very big one." De Gaulle seemed much preoccupied by size. France, the clever, independent little David, successfully fights free of the Goliath, Washington, and Goliath's far-flung nets, NATO, the UN, the dollar. All countries—Algeria, "Indochina," even French Somaliland if it so (*hélas!*) desires—should be as independent as little David lest they be crushed by the "double hegemony" of the superstates. (On the other hand, is not Red China a "great state" deserving of our respect?) From the height of his aristocratic tantrum, de Gaulle sticks up for the little guy. If you can stand it.

● In New Delhi, Presidents Tito and Nasser joined India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in a meeting of, as they described themselves, three neutral nations in the Vietnam conflict. As proof of their neutrality, they called upon the United States to stop bombing North Vietnam immediately and unconditionally and said that the National Liberation Front, political face of the Vietcong, must be a party to any serious negotiations. At a press conference delivering these counsels, Tito seemed in expansive and ebullient mood; Nasser was very, very quiet and in the softest of voices just managed to speak his piece; Mrs. Gandhi, a million of whose people live only through gifts of American food, sat between them and, in the photographs, looked nervous.

● The general difficulty of maintaining the guise of diplomatic relations with semi-civilized people has seldom been illustrated so plainly as by the late happening in Ghana and Guinea. It is unheard of that an ambassador's house should be broken into. But a mob *was* allowed to rush into Ambassador McIlvaine's house in Conakry while his wife and children were inside; he himself was kept under house arrest. And the reason for this seems to have been that the Guinean diplomats—illegally arrested when their plane touched down in Ghana—had been traveling on an American plane. The whole thing is so ridiculous as to defy comment. The only conclusion to draw is that the disappearance of the colonial powers has left Africa a place where, literally, anything can happen. Things like this even have a bad effect on the comic novel. Imagine a story in which one nation, suspicious that some of its citizens are being detained forcibly in another, seize the suspected nation's diplomats when they pass through the local airport. Upon which the other group of restless natives, the ones whose diplomats have been dragged off, riot outside the embassy of the country that the airplane came from. . . . It would make such a funny novel, but it can't be written now, because it would sound just like a newspaper. It makes Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief* almost uninventive.

● So Hansas are now beating up on Ibos in Nigeria, says the blasé newspaper reader, so what's new? These and other bestialities that have accompanied independence birthpangs in Africa scarcely make the headlines any more. They are only brought home in their stark horror when, as happened at NATIONAL REVIEW recently, we heard what it's like to see a massacre. An American arriving in northern Nigeria on business told us how he and his fellow passengers

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ "My Congress," Lyndon Johnson called it in 1965. "The best Congress in the history of this nation," he said this year. If the nation is to be equated with LBJ, as LBJ seems to think, then he is correct. Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien, the President's chief arm-twister on Capitol Hill, says proudly that the 89th Congress passed 181 of the Administration's 200 major requests, for a .905 batting average. Some journalists quickly pointed out that his list included measures passed in watered-down form, but they were indulging in nit-picking. With rare exception, Lyndon's will was done.

So frantic was Congress' pace last year in passing new legislation that even Administration spokesmen suggested at the end of the first session that it might be wise this year to take a closer look at what Congress had wrought, lest there be loose ends. That much-needed examination never came about. The War on Poverty, for example, was extended and expanded despite the most blatant and extensive corruption.

But more important than the increased funds for previously enacted programs were the extensions of federal power into new areas. The "demonstration cities" bill will make our cities servile wards of the Federal Government, as the last-minute tax bill included a provision that will centralize Presidential fund-raising in Washington, D.C. Other "foot-in-the-door" legislation treated auto safety, "truth in packaging," rent subsidies and the teacher corps.

All of this costs money, of course, and future taxpayers of America may view this session of Congress as the $145-billion misunderstanding. The congressional lack of concern for economy was underscored in the last-minute passage of education bills. The President had requested a one-year extension of aid to primary and secondary schools of $1.75 billion. Congress increased this to $6.2 billion over two years. Federal aid to colleges was upped to nearly $4 billion, almost $1 billion over the Administration's request. In addition Congress passed the Teacher Corps ($7.5 million) and the International Education ($131 million over three years) Act, both destined to prove much more expensive in future years. It was HEW under Secretary Wilbur Cohen, of all people, who warned earlier this year that huge and unplanned appropriations could result in "wasted funds" and "inadequately planned expenditures and projects." Congress wasn't listening, and its authorizations of more than $10 billion in this one session alone are nearly double the $5.8 billion in federal aid to education voted by Congress during its first 174 years.

◆ Can anything be done to halt the rush of irresponsible last-minute appropriations? After nine months of sessions, *Congressional Quarterly*'s boxscore of 25 major pieces of legislation showed only seven of them ready for the President's signature, or already signed into law; and long after the new fiscal year began on July 1, three-quarters of the federal budget for the year had not been acted upon. Thus in its last week alone Congress, among other things, passed the $1.75 billion conference committee version of the War on Poverty extension; approved over $10 billion in education funds; adopted the "demonstration cities" bill; approved other billions for the Labor and Health, Education and Welfare departments; and passed the 231-page catch-all tax bill (which the Senate had not even seen until the day of passage). Under such conditions Congress obviously is unable to undertake adequate study and planning of the measures it is adopting. The conference committees, which iron out the differences between Senate and House versions of a piece of legislation, become in effect a third branch of Congress. Their compromises—made in the adjournment rush and the complicated parliamentary secret sessions—are almost always accepted because of the maneuvering necessary to amend them.

◆ For the record, it should be noted that Congress balked at any changes in governmental organization: it refused to pass legislation calling for four-year terms for House members, electoral college reform, congressional reorganization. D.C. Home Rule, gun controls, truth-in-lending, social security increases and Senator Dirksen's proposed school prayer and reapportionment amendments all failed. The congressional score on civil rights legislation was .000, reversing the trend that had started in 1957. And the AFL-CIO found three of its four major goals dead on adjournment day. While the minimum wage was increased, Congress sidetracked labor's unemployment compensation and situs-picketing bills, and refused to repeal 14(b). Not that it hurt the Democrat-Labor coalition; there was too much money dished out for *that*.

—CATO

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were forced to watch while 25 Ibo tribesmen were murdered and their bodies mutilated. Then, en route into town, their bus was stopped while a screaming mob hauled about forty men, women and children off a truck and systemically clubbed them to death.

● Flying saucers have been newly soberly reported over Long Island and North Carolina: which will not at all harm Frank Edwards' golly-gee bestseller, *Flying Saucers—Serious Business*, which has sold some 89,000 copies since publication last July. A fair amount of consistency does seem to characterize the reports of such things, which have been with us since the end of World War II and have not slowed up at all since then President Eisenhower's official announcement in 1958 that no flying saucers existed. Edward V. Condon—ex-Bureau of Standards chief and one-time HUAC target—will head a research outfit based at the University of Colorado that aims to take a careful new look up there.

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End of a Journey

Our man at any rate beat the showing of that French chap. The mileage covered was about the same, but the Texas Far-Ranger stuck it out three more days, visited two more cities, and was beheld by several million more people. Both ran into a bit of trouble here and there, but that is surely to be expected in so troubled a world; and both are tough enough to take trouble without wincing. In Mr. Johnson's case, what troubles there were naturally became the featured news and pictures of the global press, according to its habit. But as a matter of fact, what is astonishing is the small number and size of the negative incidents. The leftists of the world were united in a planned attempt to use the President's trip as a vast demonstration against the war in Vietnam; the results were feeble.

What did emerge from the actions and words of the trip, taken in their entire impression, was first, the enlarged commitment of the United States to an active and continuing presence in Asia, and the apparently well-pleased acceptance of that presence by at least a significant core of the developing nations of the region; and, second—it seems unmistakable when one notes, particularly, the final speech, delivered at Seoul—the firmer commitment than ever before to finishing at least the minimum job in Vietnam. If this interpretation is correct—and so many words of so many sorts were spoken that no interpretation can be more than speculation—then it is likely that before many weeks the escalation of the fighting will be carried rather sharply higher.

What To Do about Peking's Missile

"On Oct. 27, 1966," announced Hsinhua, the Chinese Communist news agency, "China successfully conducted over its own territory a guided missile-nuclear weapon test. The guided missile flew normally and the nuclear warhead accurately hit the target at the appointed distance, effecting a nuclear explosion."

So?

The response in every nation in the world has been 100 per cent passive; has been, after giving the news —which has been confirmed in substance by U. S. Intelligence and Japanese fallout measurements—a dismayed throwing up of seemingly helpless hands.

American spokesmen, proposing no action of any kind, merely noted that this fourth Chinese nuclear test—but first nuclear *weapon* test—was in line with Defense Secretary McNamara's estimate of December 1965: that China would be producing enough fissionable material in 1966-67 for a small test program and weapon stockpile; that a medium-range Chinese missile could be operational in 1967; that an ICBM system might be deployed by 1975.

Is this, then, all that we and the rest of the world are going to do about the transformation of Maoist China into a global nuclear power: merely stand by and watch our executioner sharpen his axe? ("The possession by the Chinese people. . . holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought," observes Hsinhua, "is a great encouragement to all the revolutionary peoples of the world.") Maybe there is nothing else we *can* do. But there are at least some things we *might* do, and perhaps we ought to begin by simply stating the possibilities.

1) We might destroy China's key nuclear installations, perhaps giving Moscow a last-minute tipoff. We possess the required capability, though the operation would be more difficult than when the first Chinese test occurred two years ago. This would set the Chinese nuclear program some years back, and much can happen in a few years.

2) We might order production and deployment of a Nike-X anti-missile missile system—if such a system is indeed sufficiently developed to accomplish its defensive mission, which is doubtful.

3) We might furnish Japan with nuclear weapons, to serve as a counterbalance to the Chinese weapons. Indeed, we might also supply weapons to other nations of the area—some of the Manila conferees, for example—if we believe they have regimes sufficiently mature and stable.

4) In contrast—as many argue and the U. S. Government officially wishes—we might sign a nuclear nonproliferation treaty. What possible good this could serve in handling the problem of China's nuclear weapons is hard to grasp. (Hsinhua describes the proposed treaty as "a bargain [between Moscow and Washington] to maintain their nuclear monopoly and sabotage the revolutionary struggle of the people of various countries.") Nevertheless, it is a *possible* response, and should be included in a full analysis.

5) We might openly spread our deterrent umbrella over China's neighbors: that is, declare that a Chinese nuclear attack on one of them will trigger a nuclear reply from the United States. This we have in fact somewhat vaguely done; and it seems a minimum condition for enabling the neighbor countries to stand up against Chinese nuclear blackmail.

6) We might recognize Peking and sponsor her membership in the UN. This, too, is a *possible* response, and there are those who strongly advocate it, with the argument that Communist China will become peaceful and civilized by having her representative sit beside peaceful, civilized UN natives.

NATIONAL REVIEW has in the past favored possibilities 1) and 3), along with 5) as more or less a matter

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of course. What we urge, for the moment now, is more modest: a public and articulate confrontation of the issue of Chinese nuclear arming. We take the Chinese nuclear missile rather seriously. We don't think it will be wished away.

How Irresponsible Can You Get?

On October 28 the UN General Assembly, by a vote of 114 to 2 (Portugal, South Africa) with 3 abstentions (Britain, France, Malawi), adopted a resolution 1) asserting that South Africa's mandate over South West Africa, originally assigned 46 years ago by the League of Nations, is void; 2) declaring that "South West Africa comes under the direct responsibility of the UN," and 3) providing for a committee of fourteen charged to "recommend practical ways by which South West Africa should be administered to lead its people to ultimate independence." The original resolution sponsored by 54 Afro-Asian nations called for immediate appointment of a UN governing body to take over and run South West Africa. The Latin American bloc managed to get the intermediary body substituted, but an American softening amendment was howled down. The spirit in which the Parliament of Mankind consummated its historic task was expressed in the scene described by Raymond Daniell in the *New York Times*: "South Africa aroused a tumult of shouting, jeers and laughter when she, with Portugal, voted against all the amendments."

To realize the utter irresponsibility of the UN action—and the hypocrisy of the United States in going along with it—we need only imagine the situation that would exist if South Africa accepted the UN position and got out of South West Africa right now, today. What, pray, would a UN commission do tomorrow? South West Africa is an enormous area, mostly desert. Its half million native inhabitants are among Africa's most primitive—which means very primitive indeed. South Africa has managed to set up a functioning administrative structure. It has been pumping millions of dollars into various development projects—irrigation, roads, cattle improvement, education, cement, light industry—which are carried out by thousands of South Africans who have the necessary skills and know the country. Presumably South Africa thinks the investment of money and energy worthwhile from either a strategic or economic point of view (though South West Africa's economic potential does not seem to amount to much), but the policies South Africa has followed do seem to be motivated partly by a genuine sense of stewardship.

Assume the worst about South African policy and motives. Accept everything ever said against apatheid. And still, what do we come out with? What in the galaxy would the UN do with South West Africa if the UN *did* get hold of it? *Who* would replace the thousands of experienced South Africans? *Where* would the money come from? *What* would

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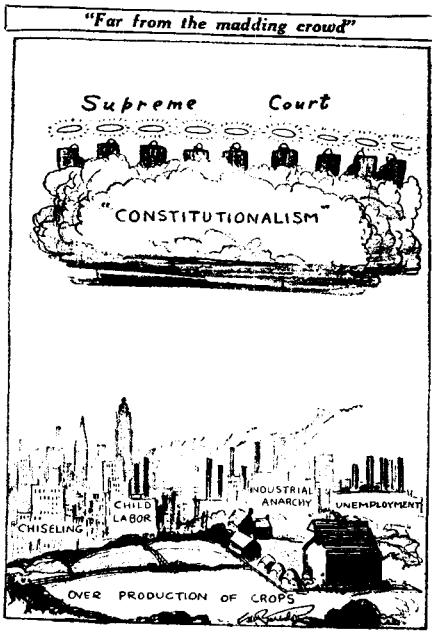
The Court and Congress

"You Are Going on a Long, Long Journey"

"Far from the madding crowd"



BOTH: "That was a close call you had."

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happen, while the UN was flopping around, to the inhabitants of South West Africa?—the UN's African demagogues have not suggested they are remotely capable of even the customary African style of self-government.

Laws and treaties and whatnots altogether aside, the UN resolution flies square into the face of elementary common sense. It is empty bombast, totally out of line with reality. So much so that it is probably going to get swallowed up in endless procedural involutions—as the U.S. delegate, James J. Nabrit, Jr., quickly hinted in remarking that the U.S. vote on the resolution itself did not indicate one way or another what the further moves of the U.S. in the South West Africa affair are going to be.

Mr. Nixon Advises Mr. Kennedy

Mr. Richard Nixon has divulged his analysis of the relationship of political forces, and coming as it does from an old pro it is worth meditating. Robert Kennedy, says Mr. Nixon, is going to have to arrange to be rid of Hubert Humphrey in 1968, and to take his place as Vice Presidential candidate, if he wants to be sure of the Presidential nomination in 1972. The reason is that if Humphrey is renominated and serves as Vice President, he will probably, says Mr. Nixon (who ought to know—but very possibly doesn't) accumulate enough power to dominate the Democratic Convention in 1972. If that happens, Senator Bobby is out at least until 1976 (if Humphrey then loses the 1972 election), and possibly until 1980 (if Humphrey wins); by which time even Bobby will be getting on, and, who knows, may have lost his appeal to the nation's youth.

The analysis is presumably based on its author's experiences as Vice President. For a while, in the summer and fall of 1955, and again in 1959, Mr. Nixon was wondering whether he would be ditched by President Eisenhower, who had made one of those torrential statements filled with qualifiers, subordinate clauses and insubordinate clauses, which when the syntactical dust had settled had the effect of leaving Mr. Nixon insecure. He nevertheless discovered that barring determined opposition from General Eisenhower—which hadn't happened to anybody since the Nazis—Nixon could count on getting the nomination for himself. The reasoning was ratified by Rockefeller's dramatic withdrawal as a candidate during Christmas week of 1959.

But in 1959-1960 there was no counterpart to Bobby Kennedy. (As a matter of fact, in the history of politics there has been no counterpart to Bobby Kennedy.) Rockefeller had a certain metropolitan popularity, and as a bigspender was always worth watching. But he was hardly mountainous, in the way Robert is. Sixteen-year-old girls had been known to pass by Rockefeller without fainting, whereas no such thing has ever been recorded about Kennedy. The laws of American politics are not so mechanized that one can predict, with any certainty, that the experience of Richard Nixon as Vice President will be the experience of future Vice Presidents. Lee Harvey Oswald broke a law in Dallas, and the reverberations of his deed will alter traditional political formulations for a very long while.

Even so, Mr. Nixon's analysis remains interesting, and '68-watchers have pricked up their ears to look for signs. Mr. Nixon fuels his own analysis by applying it at every opportunity. He told the voters of Minnesota last Tuesday that if the Republicans there did well, and Mr. Rolvaag was defeated, Humphrey's throne would crack. Take a statement like that by a politician and multiply it, *mutatis mutandis*, a thousand times—and Humphrey will weaken, if only because he is held so often to be fragile. It's the old business of telling your wife she doesn't look well. Say it often enough and in due course she will fall ill. Humphrey will not willingly step down, and Johnson will not willingly yield to pressures to replace Humphrey, especially not by a member of the royal family that once disdained him. But pressures are being mounted, and politicians are made to succumb to pressures.

It is interesting to meditate on Mr. Nixon's own interest in the developing situation. As things now stand it may well be he who will run in 1968. One supposes that he would greatly prefer a Johnson-Humphrey ticket to run against than a Johnson-Kennedy ticket. Who wouldn't? Why then should he give public lessons to Bobby Kennedy on how to proceed if he desires to become President? You figure it. We have, and the analysis is not publishable.

How's Business?

The outlook is not very inspiring. Almost every line of endeavor feels the pinch in labor and capital. It's hard to find people to do the work, and hard to find money to finance it. If you have to pay a little more than usual to hire a man or borrow a dollar, you run into another problem: the government is watching over your shoulder as you mark your price tags, and if you try to pass on the extra costs you may be held up for national reprobation as an unpatriot. Profits will be pinched, before taxes; taxes may be raised after the election; after-tax profits may be doubly pinched.

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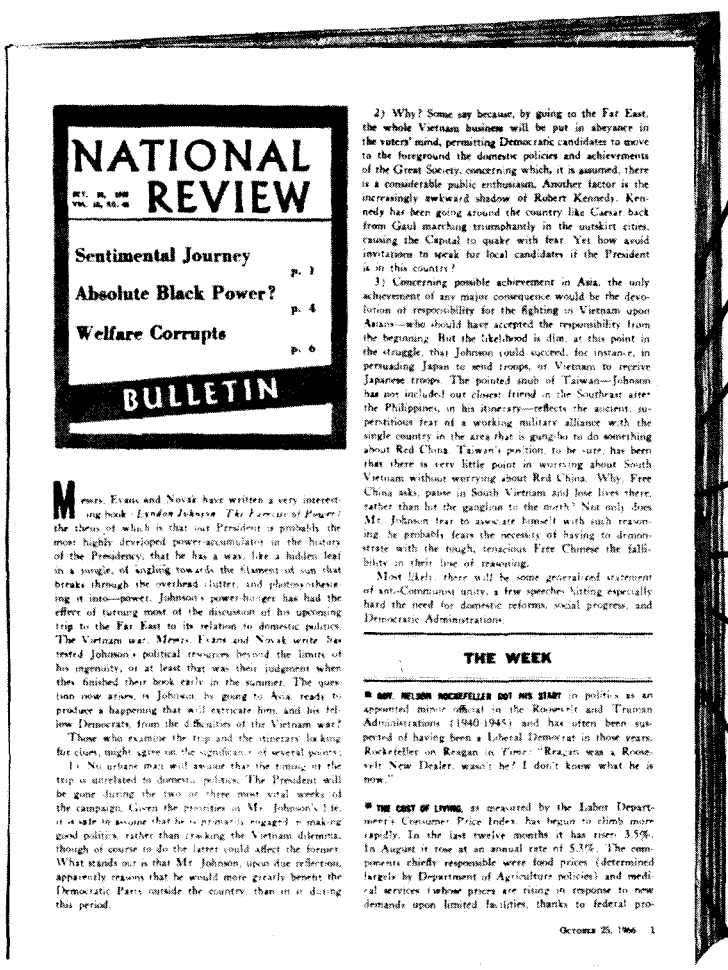

NATIONAL REVIEW

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BULLETIN

Messrs. Evans and Novak have written a very interesting book: *Lyndon Johnson: The Exercise of Power*; the thesis of which is that our President is probably the most highly developed power-accumulator in the history of the Presidency, that he has a way, like a hidden leaf in a jungle, of tingling towards the filament of sun that breaks through the overhead clutter, and photosynthesizing it into—power. Johnson's power-hunger has had the effect of turning most of the discussion of his upcoming trip to the Far East to its relation to domestic politics. The Vietnam war, Messrs. Evans and Novak write, has tested Johnson's political resources beyond the limits of his ingenuity, or at least that was their judgment when they finished their book early in the summer. The question now arises, is Johnson, by going to Asia, ready to produce a happening that will extricate him, and his fellow Democrats, from the difficulties of the Vietnam war?

Those who examine the trip and the itinerary looking for clues, might agree on the significance of several points:

1) No urbane man will assume that the timing of the trip is unrelated to domestic politics. The President will be gone during the two or three most vital weeks of the campaign. Given the priorities in Mr. Johnson's life, it is safe to assume that he is primarily engaged in making good politics, rather than cracking the Vietnam dilemma, though of course to do the latter could affect the former. What stands out is that Mr. Johnson, upon due reflection, apparently reasons that he would more greatly benefit the Democratic Party outside the country than in it during this period.

2) Why? Some say because, by going to the Far East, the whole Vietnam business will be put in abeyance in the voters' mind, permitting Democratic candidates to move to the foreground the domestic policies and achievements of the Great Society, concerning which, it is assumed, there is a considerable public enthusiasm. Another factor is the increasingly awkward shadow of Robert Kennedy. Kennedy has been going around the country like Caesar back from Gaul marching triumphantly in the outskirt cities, causing the Capital to quake with fear. Yet how avoid invitations to speak for local candidates if the President is in this country?

3) Concerning possible achievement in Asia, the only achievement of any major consequence would be the devolution of responsibility for the fighting in Vietnam upon Asians—who should have accepted the responsibility from the beginning. But the likelihood is dim, at this point in the struggle, that Johnson could succeed, for instance, in persuading Japan to send troops, or Vietnam to receive Japanese troops. The pointed snub of Taiwan—Johnson has not included our closest friend in the Southeast after the Philippines, in his itinerary—reflects the ancient, superstitious fear of a working military alliance with the single country in the area that is going/to do something about Red China. Taiwan's position, to be sure, has been that there is very little point in worrying about South Vietnam without worrying about Red China. Why, Free China asks, pause in South Vietnam and lose lives there, rather than hit the ganglion to the north? Not only does Mr. Johnson fear to associate himself with such reasoning, he probably fears the necessity of having to demonstrate with the tough, tenacious Free Chinese the fallibility in their line of reasoning.

Most likely, there will be some generalized statement of anti-Communist unity, a few speeches hitting especially hard the need for domestic reforms, social progress, and Democratic Administrations.

THE WEEK

■ GOV. NELSON ROCKEFELLER GOT HIS START in politics as an appointed minor official in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations (1940-1945) and has often been suspected of having been a Liberal Democrat in those years. Rockefeller on Reagan in *Time*: "Reagan was a Roosevelt New Dealer, wasn't he? I don't know what he is now."

■ THE COST OF LIVING, as measured by the Labor Department's Consumer Price Index, has begun to climb more rapidly. In the last twelve months it has risen 3.5%. In August it rose at an annual rate of 5.3%. The components chiefly responsible were food prices (determined largely by Department of Agriculture policies) and medical services (whose prices are rising in response to new demands upon limited facilities, thanks to federal pro-

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The Nobel Prize

The disposition of this year's Nobel Prize for Literature on two relatively unknown Hebrew authors (Schmuel Yosef Agnon and Nelly Sachs) raises, as always, a few questions about the Nobel Committee. The French historian, social philosopher, and biographer of Stalin, M. Boris Souvarine, meditates on the Committee:

Who are the members of this Academy? What qualifications do they possess which entitle them to distribute this widely publicized prize?

Nobody knows. Yet, the parrots of the daily press and the mass media keep enviously repeating "The Nobel Prize!" as though this were some honor conferred by an authority above all discussion as the supreme recognition of literary achievement. The Nobel Prize for Literature is supposed to be awarded to the man who, in the realm of literature, has produced the greatest work which can justly be described as idealistic. No doubt, of course, that these anonymous Swedish gentlemen are anxious to adapt their taste to the fashion of the times. And yet, as Stendhal observed, bad taste is the road to crime.

Was it through mischance or through stupidity that, in 1958, the Swedish Academy settled upon Boris Pasternak in the hope of pleasing the accomplices and heirs of Joseph Stalin? No Russian had ever been awarded the prize at all, unless you count (as the Kremlin certainly does not) the exile Ivan Bunin, Russian-born but very French, who was crowned in 1933. There was a necessity, therefore, to uncover some unquestionably *Soviet* writer who was at least presentable in the literary circles of the world. One must conclude, from the mess that resulted, that our friends in the Academy, pathetically incompetent to deal with the matter, inquired eagerly of all whom they met, whether on the Left or the Right. As it happened, the name of Pasternak was pronounced in their hearing more often than any other.

In the hope of pleasing Moscow, the Swedish Academy made a ridiculous blunder and obtained just the opposite reaction; the principal result of this stupidity was to bring down on Pasternak the ignoble rage of the Communists, which hastened this unfortunate writer prematurely to his grave.

To atone for this gaffe, the next year the Academy ferreted out a true, an authentic Stalinist Communist who had in no way provoked the suspicion of the Party, and bestowed upon him that reward destined for the man who, in the realm of literature, has united brilliance with true idealism. His name was Quasimodo. In one respect, it was a wise choice. Nobody could criticize it very confidently, since nobody had ever read Quasimodo. Nobody in the world had ever heard of him. He was outside the range of criticism. In 1961, coming round to the Communists' next prize, the Academy flattered the nationalism of Yugoslav Communism by selecting Ivo Andric, and in 1964 they selected the loathsome Jean-Paul Sartre, a Stalinist politician. Anxious to remain in the good graces of Moscow, Sartre used the occasion to kick the memory of Pasternak and, with his usual effrontery, loudly acclaimed the genius of Mikhail Sholokhov. How well the Academy understood him! Without even taking the precaution to "alternate" the prize, they humbly offered it the very next year to Mikhail Sholokhov, one of the vilest prostitutes to surround Stalin, one of the most hateful of the creatures who busied themselves writing defenses of Stalin's crimes.

Critics usually consider that Sholokhov wrote one good novel, *And Quiet Flows the Don*. But as a critic observed recently, this work grows weaker steadily and less fresh as it goes on. Its high point comes in the first volume, then there is more and more repetition of the same images, more and more banality. The first part of this epic, published in 1928, contrasts strangely with the second portion, given to the world in 1940.

Instead of going on with *And Quiet Flows the Don*, Sholokhov turned after its publication to another novel, which appeared in 1932, a bad book called *The Lands Reclaimed*. It is all very odd; though a certain light is cast upon the mystery by Arkadi Gaiev, the literary critic of the *Institute of Studies of the USSR*. Gaiev relates that in Soviet literary circles an extremely disagreeable story was told about Sholokhov. It was alleged that he had plagiarized his novel, that it was the work of a White Army officer killed in the war, whose manuscripts Sholokhov had appropriated and published as his own work. Unfortunately, as Sholokhov's later volumes have been published, the original charge that his one good novel was plagiarized has somehow come to be more and more widely believed.

The Swedish Academy, yielding to the shameful political pressures, gave the coveted award in fact to a man whose noblest efforts in prose have been toadying speeches in praise of various political officials in Russia. His oration over the corpse of Stalin gives some notion of the "qualities of mind and heart" that won him the world's most prestigious literacy prize:

> Farewell, Father! What a sudden terrible sensation of having become an orphan! The Party is an orphan, the people of the Soviet are orphans, the workers of the whole world over are orphans. Since the day of the death of Lenin, humanity has not been shocked by a loss so cruel, so indescribably cruel. . . .
>
> We have lost the father of all the workers, and together with the feeling of a loss which will never be forgotten, a great sadness has marched with invisible stride over all the land. . . .

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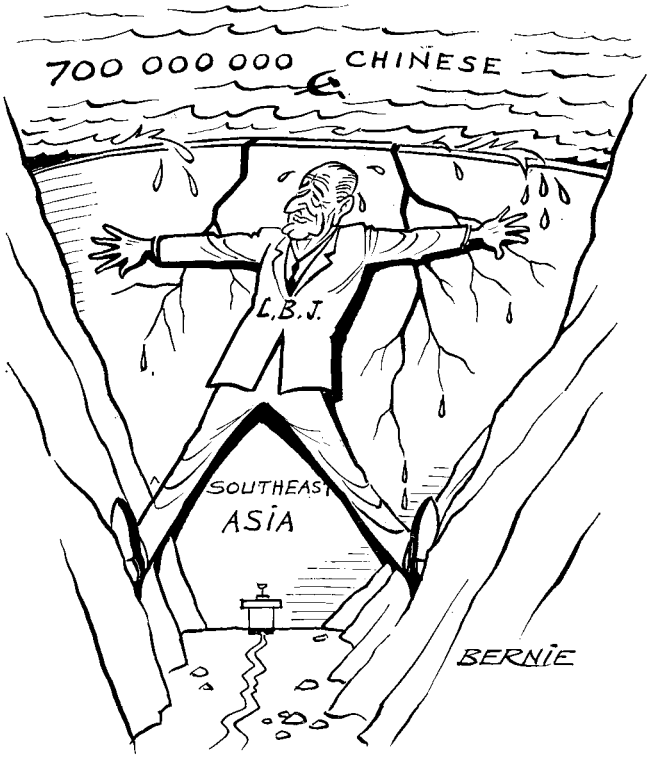
enough prices to attract trade (our commercial trade balance continues to deteriorate; it is a function of our price level, which is only remotely affected by current alterations in interest rates). Our merchandise is priced high because of great institutionalized forces such as inflation (which won't be cured by Mama parading outside the local delicatessen) and semi-dirigiste wage policies imposed under the shelter of legal labor cartels, enforced monopoly unionism, and political favoritism.

The stock market, by marking down the price it is willing to pay for a given dollar of earnings or dividends, is forecasting a decline in earnings generally; if, on top of that, it takes into account a decline in general economic activity, then we have not seen the bottom of the Crash of '66.

The recent improvement in the bond market may be deceptive. It occurred while some $2 billion was being withdrawn from commercial bank deposits earning, by law, no more than 5 per cent. If the bond action resulted merely from the transfer of funds from a 5 per cent pocket to a 5 per cent-plus pocket, no general easing of money can be spied there.

Britain, meanwhile, continues to edge towards totalitarianism in defense of a hopeless pound sterling. The Bank of England has been reduced to issuing "gold guarantees" to creditors who fear a devaluation. Devaluation is precisely what Britain's Douglas Jay, Chairman of the Board of Trade, urged last month in a speech in Australia.

We're not out of the woods.



L.B.J.: I must resist! . . .

The UN: Marching Orders

In mid-October Mr. Jamil M. Baroody, Saudi Arabian delegate to the UN, urged in the Budgetary Committee that the members of the UN begin to think about moving the UN to some city and country, preferably in Europe, that would be more civilized than New York and where, especially, the delegates and their families might be safe walking the streets. Aside from Mr. Baroody's momentary pique at a perfectly normal piece of Manhattan hoodlumism aimed at his consulate, there are excellent reasons why the UN should move.

For one thing, the UN should not be situated in the shadow of the world's superpowers; it should be set up, as the old League of Nations was, in a neutral zone, befitting its own putative non-nationalism.

Again, the delegates and their families encounter insurmountable problems in merely living in the world's most complicated city. The wives of some delegates from remote countries never learn the trick of shopping in a metropolitan supermarket, getting correct change from a big-city retail merchant, taking the right bus or subway. Many of them simply give up, shut themselves in their apartments or consulates, and refuse to brave the city at all. A quieter town, smaller, more in tune with the seasons, more warmly associated with government than with commerce—that would far better suit the living requirements of the delegates and their families.

There is no question that our internal security would be greatly enhanced by the removal of the entire UN apparatus to some foreign shore.

Travel problems would be eased if the UN were set up in a more central spot. Only two dozen countries can get to the UN without crossing an ocean. If the UN were in Europe, perhaps three-quarters of the members would find it more convenient.

Psychologically the UN might profit by withdrawing from the soil of its principal financier. With the UN here in New York, everyone assumes it would be "unthinkable" for Uncle Sam to stop sloshing his millions into the Secretariat. If the U.S. were simply one more country far away from the UN, the effect might be galvanic on the UN's will towards financial independence.

Where should the UN be settled? On Gibraltar, that's where. Britain won't hang on forever; Spain has no overwhelming claim to the Rock or, for that matter, any use for it; the Rock's natives don't want to be Spanish citizens; the boring controversy would be settled to everyone's confusion; the monkeys would acquire new friends.

Gibraltar is half-way between Europe and Africa, half-way between Asia and the New World.

Well, that was easy! Next week we square the circle.

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The Great Escape

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

London

The lead in the *Daily Express,* which to be sure is not given to understatement, suggests the gravity of the thing. "The jail-break by George Blake, the Soviet spy, is the latest installment in the most scandalous saga of official blunder and ineptitude in the annals of British espionage. To appreciate its full significance one must recall the enormity of Blake's treachery, for which he received the unprecedented sentence of 42 years. Blake was directly and deliberately responsible for the death or imprisonment of at least 40 of Britain's most important foreign agents . . ."

Buckley

An accompanying cartoon shows Prime Minister Wilson addressing his home secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins, who a few days ago had refused to carry out the court order to flog a life prisoner who had assailed and killed his warder: "Mr. Jenkins, if you won't flog the prisoners, you should threaten to flog the warders—otherwise we won't have any spies left, either." On Wilson's left is a file cabinet, its four drawers pulled out and empty. They are labeled: "Top secret," "Very top secrets," "incredibly top secrets," and "Top topmost secrets." In the background is the outline of Wormwood Scrubs, the Graustarkian prison whence Blake had recently taken his leave. The window bars are being methodically sawed open by the inmates. A handy ladder and rope are perched outside, and above hovers a helicopter, "Flight 261 to Moscow."

I sat in the House of Commons and watched the Conservatives handle the matter. They worked hard to come up with a high dudgeon, and their biggest guns were trained on the government. Edward Heath, the shadow Prime Minister, wanted a complete investigation. Duncan Sandys said it was a pretty discouraging thing to the police to spend their time catching criminals, while the government let them get away. (That very morning, two more criminals had escaped from another penitentiary.) Quintin Hogg said that the government's spokesman, Mr. Roy Jenkins, was being shamefully evasive.

At this point the squalid figure of Mr. Emannuel Shinwell rose from the Labor benches and said that it was a disgrace that Mr. Heath was attempting to make a political issue out of the escape of Blake. "If it was left to me, I would throw him out of the place." The House and galleries rocked with pleasure, indignation, excitement, hilarity. Shinwell has always been candid, not to say taurine. He served in Clement Attlee's cabinet after the war, and was Winston Churchill's very favorite pincushion. After a cabinet reshuffle, Shinwell went from Minister of Coal to Minister of War, eliciting from Churchill the historic jibe that, inasmuch as during Mr. Shinwell's first tenure the country had been without coal, one could only hope that now that he was Minister of War the country would be without war. The House of Commons is the place to go for that kind of exchange.

Who's Responsible?

Mr. Heath was rather heavy-handedly insisting that the Labor government take full responsibility for the escape of the traitor Blake. Very well, said Mr. Jenkins, the Labor government will accept full responsibility for the escape of the traitor Blake, and it is only fair, therefore, that the Conservative government should accept responsibility for the treason performed by the traitor Blake. The House howled with glee.

The formal maneuver of the Labor government was to appoint a commission to look into the matter of prison security. The formal position of the Conservatives is that it is all very well to do something to avoid the escape of future prisoners, but meanwhile, perhaps the most important British prisoner since Rudolf Hess has flown the coop, and somebody's socialist head should be cut off.

Share the Blame

The Tories are politicians enough to know that Jenkins is a dangerous man, dangerous because of his extraordinary competence, his wit and solidity. They cannot therefore let pass an opportunity to hurt him. But they did not score. In the first place the general impression is that the blame should be shared. If Wormwood Scrubs was inadequately secure as a prison, why then did the Conservative government of 1961 consign Blake there? The public temper here is that it is a shocking thing that Blake should have got away (no doubt he is even now in Moscow, telling whatever else he knows that he didn't tell before about English security; including how to escape from English prisons), but that his escape was an act of God, no more reflecting on one political party than the tragedy at Aberfan reflects on one of the parties.

But the little infield practice I witnessed in the House of Commons had the melancholy effect upon this particular Tory of convincing him that pound for pound, the front line of the Labor party is heavier by far than the loyal Conservative opposition.

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Letter from the Continent

Communism and the Silent Church

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

While the internal situation—political, intellectual and spiritual—east of the Iron Curtain varies from country to country, degrees in the intensity of Communist pressure can be observed. The Vatican, always eager to achieve at least a modicum of liberty for the Church, adopts an individual approach in each case, based on these determinants: 1) the personal character of those in power, 2) the attitude of the local hierarchy and the fiber of the clergy, and 3) the loyalty and piety of the Catholics themselves.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Yugoslavia, naturally, is *sui generi.* The Church was able to work out a *modus vivendi* with the semi-satellite, on her promise to restrain the clergy from any kind of anti-government activity. This despite the fact that many Croatian nationalists resent Vatican recognition of what happened in 1918 and 1945, while Serbian nationalists interpret it as proof that Communism thrives on Croatian nationalism and that the church gives her blessing to Tito's regime. That the Croats and Slovenes consider Communism an essentially Serbian disease further complicates the situation in this multinational state. The détente between Belgrade and the Holy See inevitably embitters relations between the Greek Orthodox Serbians and the Croat and Slovene Catholic.

Discord in Hungary

The Yugoslav case is unique. In countries under more direct Soviet influence the situation is radically different. Hungary's *modus non moriendi* is not working out satisfactorily: with fully one-third of the population traditionally Calvinist or Lutheran, the government's policy of "divide and rule" bears down heavily on the Catholic majority. The persecution of persons, lay or clerical, giving religious instruction continues, and so does the harassment of Catholic publications. Officially parents are permitted to request religious instruction in public schools for their children, but only a few dare to do so. They usually try to provide instruction privately—though at a very great risk. A certain liberalizing trend can be noted in Hungarian life, but the status of the Catholic Church is roughly what it was ten years ago.

The situation in Czechoslovakia is not much better. The Czechs have a strong Hussite, anti-Catholic tradition, although most of them are nominally Catholics. The government gives full support to the very small neo-Hussite Church, but the faithful are hardly fervid and the Church is weak. The picture is different with the Slovaks. There the Lutheran minority was always pro-Czech, the Catholic majority virulently anti-Czech and (as it happens in socially decapitated societies) "clerical"-minded. The general piety and fervor of the people is marked. Given the weakness of the faith in the far more populous Czech areas, the state had little to lose by making overtures to Rome and an occasional gesture like the release of Cardinal Beran. But in Slovakia it is quite different. There Catholic conviction and deep ethnic consciousness can be expressed in the formula, "A good Slovak is a good Catholic."

The religious situation in Rumania is bad if not desperate. There the Latin Rite Catholics were forced to join the Orthodox Church. (Communists always prefer to deal with a national, state-controlled church unhampered by foreign affiliations. The Catholic Church's global character is one of the main reasons for Communist anti-Romanism.) Lithuanian and Latvian Catholics are now directly under Moscow's control. The Catholic 10 per cent of East Germany's population can hardly throw their weight around.

In fact, though, the most indigestible Catholic body of all is to be found in Poland. Here ancient traditions; the historic role of the Primate of Poland; the personality of Cardinal Wyszynski; the un-collectivized peasantry; the intellectual, artistic and national heritage and strong anti-Russian feelings all work together to create an insoluble problem for the Communist overlords.

Wyszynski vs. Gomulka

Consider Cardinal Wyszynski's recent broadside against the Communists—"barbarians who do not respect human nature because they have eliminated God from their hearts"—was extreme but certainly to the point, and must be understood in the light of the fact that ever since late 1956 Gomulka has hardened against the Church and all non-Communist forces. Gomulka's own memories of his sufferings in a Stalinist jail seem to have faded and, to make matters worse, he feels he has to compete with General Mieczyslaw Moczar, Minister of the Interior and leader of the Partisans, a group of Communists who (unlike Gomulka) did not go to Moscow when the Germans came but resisted on the spot. Hence Gomulka's increasing toughness toward the Church and his desperate attempts to please Moscow. Hence also the Cardinal's reaction and his straightforward approach to the crucial issue of religion versus atheism.

Whether the Vatican is any too happy about this we do not know. Communists as well as certain Catholics continue to speculate that the Cardinal is not in line with the Vatican's "peaceful policies." Tactical differences certainly do exist, as is inevitable when Italian "prudence" comes up against Polish "courage." The Communists have honored John XXIII, the "Pope of Peace," with a statue in Breslau, a strategy cleverly designed to exploit the situation. Yet, so far all efforts to divide the ranks of militant and responsible Catholics have failed, demonstrating the old truism: that no man can serve two masters.

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Why do they hate

ROBERT STRANGE McNamara?

The McNamara Critics Club could serve as a model for the Warren Court: membership is open to all, regardless of race, religion, national origin, political party or previous condition of ideological servitude. When the Secretary of Defense opens his mouth to address a college commencement, peaceniks, DuBois Clubbers, Black Powerites and assorted Communists rise from their seats, leave the hall or stadium and join the line of pickets bearing placards condemning McNamara, murderer of mothers and babies. There is seldom a day's broadcasting schedule from Radio Moscow that doesn't include a blast against imperialist warmonger Robert Strange-love McNamara. The Bertrand Russell/Jean-Paul Sartre committee will place McNamara on the dock alongside his co-conspirators, Lyndon Johnson and Dean Rusk, on trial as the war criminal trio that has out-Hitlered Hitler. The *Worker* pictures "Mac the Knife" plunging his dagger into the heart of Vietnam, and labels him "the most aggressive representative of the military-industrial complex" which, from its lair in the Pentagon, has taken power in this country—and tomorrow the world.

Representatives Mendel Rivers (D.), Edward Hébert (D.), Otis Pike (D.), Gerald Ford (R.), Leslie Arends (R.) and Craig Hosmer (R.), and Senators Wayne Morse (R.-D.), Strom Thurmond (D.-R.), John McClellan (D.) and Karl Mundt (R.) compete for the blue ribbon as anti-McNamara orator. Hanson Baldwin, in the somber rhetoric proper to *Foreign Affairs,* examines the bugs in "cost efficiency," "program definition" and "perfection on paper." Walter Lippmann dismisses with a lofty wave the McNamara "misconception" of the Southeast Asia struggle. General Thomas A. Lane, filling out the columnar spectrum, advises the President to "return McNamara to the Ford Motor Company."

Retired Chiefs of Staff and Joint Chiefs chairmen invariably include an anti-McNamara section in the volume of memoir and advice that has become a mandatory post-service assignment. McNamara's delinquencies are the most frequent and most rousing theme of Barry Goldwater's newspaper column, and nothing stirs NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin's* Quincy to a finer frenzy. The Dow Jones men—*Barron's, Wall Street Journal* and *National Observer*—wade in with lead pipe and brass knuckle. Glancing back over *Human Events* in recent years, one must conclude that if Robert McNamara had not existed, *Human Events* would have had to invent him. Birchites reveal that McNamara is the Kremlin's prime agent—since Eisenhower's retirement from the White House, presumably—planted in the Pentagon to disarm America. ("The middle name of Robert Strange McNamara has an ominously prophetic ring," begins an *American Opinion* article, with an ominously prophetic ring.)

Unpopularity on such a scale, one might conclude, must be deserved. On second thought, however, one begins to wonder. If McNamara is really *that* bad, it is really hard to see how he could have kept his job—there are not many jobs more exacting—for nearly six years under two Presidents so unlike in mind and temperament as John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson; if he hadn't been fired, so incompetent a man as the McNamara of the Critics would have collapsed under the strains of office.

Moreover, there is something very unusual in the extraordinary breadth of this political spectrum. In a nation where differences of opinion are tolerated, it is customary that conspicuous public leaders should be attacked. They are *always* attacked by their political opponents; that is a rule of the game. After the leaders have been around a while, some persons on their own side of the political fence usually join in with a bit of criticism, since some things always go wrong and you have to pass the blame off on *somebody*. But generally speaking, the members and supporters of one's own party,

By James Burnham

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Robert Strange McNamara
Secretary of Defense 1961—?

administration and ideological tendency go rather easy on the negative. It is also one of the rules that a political party or a governmental administration cannot admit a serious mistake: and certainly it would be recognized as a most serious mistake if a party and administration had kept a no-goodnik in a $60-billion post year after year. So there would seem to be something well beyond the ordinary in the width of the anti-McNamara united front. In past precedent, only Lord High Executioners and heads of Cheka-like secret police agencies have provoked this full-compass assault.

We may fairly discount the attacks by Republicans and strongly anti-Johnson Democrats, in and out of Congress, as at least partly motivated by partisan interest. In the present state of national and world affairs, the U.S. Secretaryship of Defense is one of the most powerful offices in the world, and McNamara has not been bashful about using its power. The Secretary of Defense, or the President through the Secretary, must make more difficult, more crucial and more expensive decisions than are made by any other official; many of these decisions remain forever questionable and some of them prove clearly wrong. Inevitably, therefore, the Secretary of Defense—any Secretary of Defense—becomes a prime target for the opposition in its permanent campaign to oust the rascals at the next election. So it was with all seven of McNamara's predecessors, and very conspicuously—if one stops to remember—with James V. Forrestal, Louis Johnson, General Marshall, Charles E. Wilson and Procter & Gamble's Neil H. McElroy. (How many of McNamara's critics would be willing to trade him for a recreated Charley Wilson, Louis Johnson or pathetic Neil McElroy? How would right-wing critics feel about a neo-General Marshall?) I do not argue that the criticism of the partisan critics is nothing but partisanship; only that it must be discounted, not that it should be dismissed.

Critics Left and Right

The attacks by Moscow, Peking, the Communists and the Left more generally, raise no problem. Not being convinced by the Birchites, they see McNamara, ex officio, as the archetypical cold-blooded warmonger, a prime symbol of aggressive finance-capitalist imperialism. Analogously, hard anti-Communist critics of the general policy line of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration find McNamara a convenient symbol—though of course the major policy decisions have not been his.

But we are left with a sizable residue that asks explanation. Much criticism of McNamara comes from those who should, by usual procedure, be partisans for instead of against him; some of the criticism by political opinitial motivation, is nonpartisan in initial motivation, is nonpartisan in content; and some criticism comes from commentators who have no evident partisan axe to grind.

Save, perhaps, for a few of the generals and military experts, I do not think the merits of the technical and strategic issues, with which the bulk of the criticism is nominally concerned, have much to do with the attitude adopted toward McNamara. These problems about nuclear ships, anti-ballistic missile systems, follow-on bombers, advanced interceptors, Poseidon, SRAM, TFX, SLBM and what-not are terribly complicated. They contain too many variables for anyone, even with access to the relevant data, to feel very sure about the answers; it is not even clear that there *is* a Yes or No to many of them. It takes a lot of wearisome reading, discussion and thought even to get a glimpse of what the issues are all about. Ninety-nine per cent of the persons who have no hesitation in giving an all-out verdict on McNamara don't have the remotest understanding of any of these problems —as you may easily prove by asking them a few questions.

The fact of the matter is that judgment on McNamara and his assignment as Good Guy or Bad Guy come first, prior to the evidence. The evidence is brought in only subsequently, to clothe the raw judgment —sprung from emotion, pre-formed attitude, interest and ideology—with some decent, rational-looking attire. Robert McNamara is a no-good; *therefore* his choice of TFX and his phasing out of B-47s and his refusal to start production of Nike-X are wrong. This is the psyche's way in the world of politics. The fact that passion rather than reason and evidence are the real content of the criticism is apparent in the rhetoric:

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heated adjectives, adverbs and epithets, mostly, rather than the cool, orderly prose of rational inquiry.

Certainly it does not follow that McNamara has been right in all or most of the disputes. In at least some of them he has almost surely been wrong. My point is merely this: that his rightness or wrongness has little to do with most of the criticism.

Suppose Boeing instead of General Dynamics-Grumman had been chosen to carry out the multi-billion dollar TFX project. Is anyone so naive as to imagine that McNamara would thereby have escaped criticism? The criticism would have started, some of it, from different sources: and, come to think of it, Texas and New York (who brought home the bacon) are a lot bigger and rougher than Washington and Kansas (who lost it). Suppose McNamara had approved production of B-70, Dynasoar, the nuclear ships, Nike-X and the other projects he has either canceled or held in preliminary stages? We would be hearing how his irresponsible extravagance was saddling the Services with a herd of white elephants. The JBS would be telling us that McNamara's Kremlin masters had ordered him to destroy the country not by disarming it but by driving it into bankruptcy.

In search for further explanation of the anti-McNamara vendetta, let us consider two of the most controversial issues: the follow-on strategic bomber and the F-111 (née TFX).

McNamara's critics state that, counter to all professional military opinion and the country's security needs, he has blocked development of a new supersonic advanced manned strategic aircraft (AMSA) to succeed the present aging fleet of strategic bombers (B-52s and B-58s); that as a believer in pushbutton warfare he is phasing out manned bombers altogether; that he is thus putting all his and the country's eggs in one missile basket.

What are the facts?

It is a fact that the entire force of B-47 intermediate range bombers, which were based for the most part abroad, has been retired. This program, however, was adopted before McNamara's time, under Eisenhower. It was motivated by a number of considerations: a) the bases were soft, and hopelessly vulnerable to Soviet missile attack; b) the bases had the inescapable political and logistic weakness of all installations in foreign (and unstable) countries; c) the Soviet Union had developed adequate home defenses against B-47s; d) we had developed superior weapons systems to absorb the B-47 mission.

Now let us recall: 1) when the retirement of the B-47s was first announced, there was a storm of criticism; 2) there is no one today who even mentions B-47s.

It is a fact that the majority of planes in the presently existing strategic bomber force of B-52s and supersonic B-58s will be phased out. By fiscal 1971, the 345 early series (B-F) B-52s and all eighty of the B-58s are scheduled for retirement, leaving 255 of the advanced versions (G and H) of the B-52. (The B-58s may get a reprieve.)

It is *not* a fact that no follow-on bomber will be added to the strategic force. Simultaneously with the withdrawal of B-52s and (possibly) B-58s, 210 of the bomber version of the supersonic F-111, to be known as FB-111, will be added. The FB-111 will have a range in excess of the B-52s and B-58s that are being retired, and will be a much faster, more versatile plane.

It is a fact that no decision has been made to go ahead with the production and deployment phase of an AMSA in addition to FB-111—which is itself, however, an "advanced manned strategic aircraft," though not yet recognized as such by most of those who denounce it without knowing much about it. But it is *not* a fact that, in refusing to make a further AMSA decision at this time, McNamara has gone against all professional military opinion. The Air Force and its Chief of Staff recommended going ahead, but the Joint Chiefs did not concur. This situation was discussed fully in the March 1966 hearings of the House Armed Services Committee. General Wheeler (Chairman of the Joint Chiefs) confirmed McNamara's account; both explained why it is perfectly natural that the Air Force, from its special point of view, should want to go ahead all-out on a special Air Force AMSA, but that the Joint Chiefs, from their combined point of view,

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f folly to which Robert Mc-
can descend when he gets his
f wrong-way decisions really
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dangerously drained the strength of
fighting units everywhere in the world.
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Plan to Double
Will Hit
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and the Secretary of Defense, from his central point of view, might have disagreed.

And it is also *not* a fact that a decision has been made *against* AMSA. AMSA is very much alive, but continues at the stage of study, research and development. The position of the Department of Defense and the Joint Chiefs is: "to keep the option open," and to proceed in such a way that a full-scale AMSA system *could* be deployed in 1974.

THE CHAIRMAN (Rep. L. Mendel Rivers). Well, now, you haven't committed yourself against an advanced manned strategic aircraft?

GENERAL WHEELER. We certainly have not, Mr. Chairman. We are keeping that option wide open. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN. Is this what you are telling us, Mr. Secretary, that you are doing?

SECRETARY MCNAMARA. Yes, we are keeping the option open, Mr. Chairman. . . . There is a basic difference, however, between the Chiefs, excluding the Air Force Chief, and me, on the one hand, and the Chief of Staff of the Air Force, on the other. He would recommend, and did recommend, that we proceed now with full-scale development and deployment of the aircraft. The Chiefs have recommended only that we keep open the option. We are proposing to do so. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN. . . . To have you people who are not as knowledgeable by your training in the art of flying airplanes, and the Joint Chiefs, to veto [the Chief of Staff of the Air Force], I do not understand that. Either you know more than he does, or he is less persuasive than you. Where do you get this disparity?

SECRETARY MCNAMARA. I think the problem lies in this, that he is looking at it purely from an Air Force point of view and we are looking at it from the point of view of the total Department of Defense. . . .

GENERAL WHEELER. . . . We do accept [Air Force Chief of Staff McConnell's and Air Force General Schriever's] judgment when it comes to flying aircraft—at least I do. However, when it comes down to the question of what should be the strategic picture of the United States in the future, I submit my judgment is just as good as Gen. McConnell's, and in this particular case at least I would say perhaps a little bit better.

Several years ago, when the dispute became hot, the "advanced manned strategic bomber" meant, specifically, the B-70 project, which was ultimately carried as far as production of two prototype planes. The B-70, which originated under Eisenhower, was canceled by McNamara, after a total outlay of $1.5 billion. At the March hearings McNamara testified, without contradiction: "We are only one year away from the time when the B-70 would have been operational had we proceeded several years ago with the full development of that aircraft program. So a year from now the first B-70 would have become operational. It would have cost us $15 billion to put that program into full effect. There isn't a single senior military official in the Defense Department today who will tell you that that program would have been wise. Yet we spent $1.5 billion on it. I submit to you we should be charged with a serious error of judgment if we had gone ahead on a program that might have led to a $15-billion expenditure, that did lead to a $1.5 billion expenditure, when we didn't really know what we were doing."

Further testimony showed that we still don't know what we are doing, so far as AMSA is concerned; that the Air Force wants a major new aircraft system without being able to specify what kind of aircraft it would be. The critical questions are all unanswered: "What then is the role of the bomber? What characteristics

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The Power in the Pentagon
McNamara with George Ball, General Wheeler before flying to Paris
A PROTEST DEMONSTRATION against the granting of honorary degrees to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, and U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg will be held Wednesday at 11 a.m. on the campus of New York University, 181 St. and University Avenue in the Bronx.
It will be McNamara's second confrontation with graduating students within a week. On Friday 20 Amherst College seniors walked out of the commencement exercises as he was about to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.
They were among 38 seniors who wore white armbands on the left sleeve of their academic gowns in protest against the honors being granted McNamara.
McNAMARA
Bombs, Bottlenecks & Baloney
On the periphery of the moral and philosophical debate about Viet Nam, a hot little skirmish flared last week over the Administration's practical prosecution of the war.

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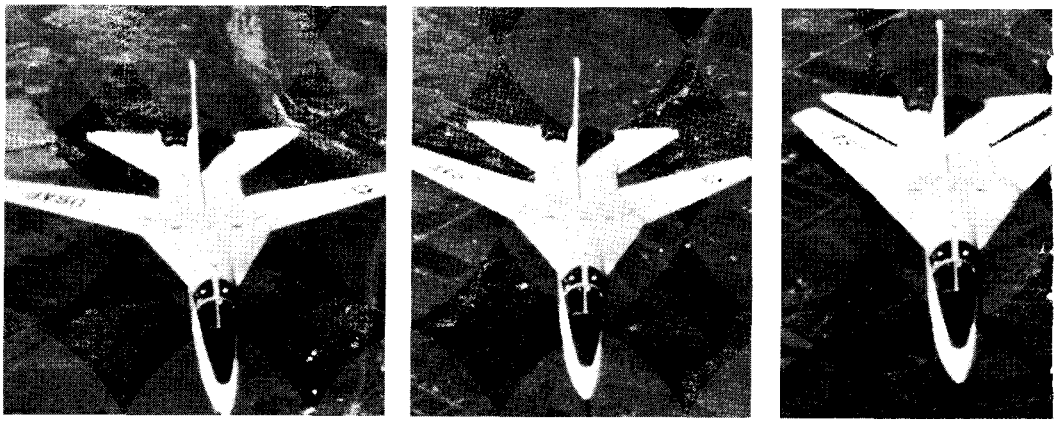
THUMBS UP:

The F-111 Weapons System



should it have? Should it go in high, should it go in low; should it go in fast, should it go slow? Should it stand off and fire? Is it going to be used against hard targets or cities? . . . Until these questions can be answered you don't even know how to design the engine. . . . These questions have not been resolved."

It is a fact—and a logically prior fact—that missiles, for the present, constitute the primary weapons system of our strategic defense. Whether prudent or not, this, let me repeat, is a *fact*. What McNamara has been doing and not doing about missiles and strategic bombers is merely to draw out the logical consequences of this fact. (One may add that this is also a fact for the Soviet defense system—which began the shift to missiles earlier than we, and never did have, does not now have and will not have a strategic manned bomber force in the same class as ours.)

> SECRETARY MCNAMARA. . . . There is practically no difference among us in the Department today with respect to the relative importance of missiles and bombers. I think everyone agrees the primary deterrent is the ballistic missile. We must, no matter what the cost, no matter what resources must be devoted to it, we must assure that the missile force is completely reliable and can be depended upon to destroy absolutely the Soviet Union even after we absorb a surprise attack. . . . I don't care whether it costs $1 billion or $100 billion to achieve that objective, we must spend whatever seems to be required; we believe we are. A bomber force cannot be considered a substitute for missiles in achieving that objective.

Manned bombers are thus only "a supplementary weapon." About that there is no disagreement in the Services or the Pentagon. It is not even true that a manned bomber component is kept in the strategic force just in case the missiles don't work. McNamara, once more, was not contradicted when he testified: "I do not think anybody in the Department believes, and certainly this is true of the Air Force, no one in the Department believes that we should have an AMSA as a hedge against the possibility that our missiles prove to be unreliable." The chief function, today, of the strategic bombers emerges from the following exchange:

> SECRETARY MCNAMARA. The possibility of their having a defense against missiles and not one against bombers is about zero. It is easier to defend against bombers than missiles.
>
> MR. BATES (Mass.). It is more difficult to have it against two than one.
>
> SECRETARY MCNAMARA. It is more costly to have it against two.

That is: the chief continuing function of the manned bombers is to complicate the Soviet Union's defense problem, to compel the Kremlin to spend huge sums and deploy large numbers of weapons and personnel for anti-bomber defense that might otherwise be channeled to perfecting anti-missile defense or to offensive missions.

Another major source of anti-McNamarism should by now be sufficiently obvious.

The Air Force is the youngest of the Services—not yet quite out of its teens—and has been, like the baby in so many families, the favorite, much indulged child. It has had the biggest slices of the defense billions to spend. As possessor of SAC it has wielded earth's mightiest power. It has been linked through its multi-billion-dollar contracts with many of the country's richest and most influential corporations. It has a heroic and glamorous history.

The foundation for the very existence of an Air Force, as well as for its proud tradition, for its esprit de corps—and for its budget, is the *airman*: the true airman, who soars off the surface of the globe, whose medium is not earth or water but the sky above.

In a missile-oriented strategy, with its displacement of manned aircraft by missiles, the Air Force—along with some corporations linked to the Air Force, the Force's retired veterans, and the congressmen and journalists who have been close to the Air Force—sees, cannot help seeing, the downgrading of its own special mission and, in a conceivable future, a threat to its survival. Already the Navy has taken over a sizable portion of the missile arm. Why should even land-based missiles be under Air Force command? In Russia they are considered, plausibly enough, long-range artillery, and so assigned. (Why, even, must a hardened, land-based missile system be assigned to a *military* service of any kind?) A missile jockey or button-pusher! What a degrading task for a companion of the wild blue yonder! Let us have a dazzling new craft in which real men, not integrated circuits, can ride bravely to do battle with the enemy!

It is especially the older men, with

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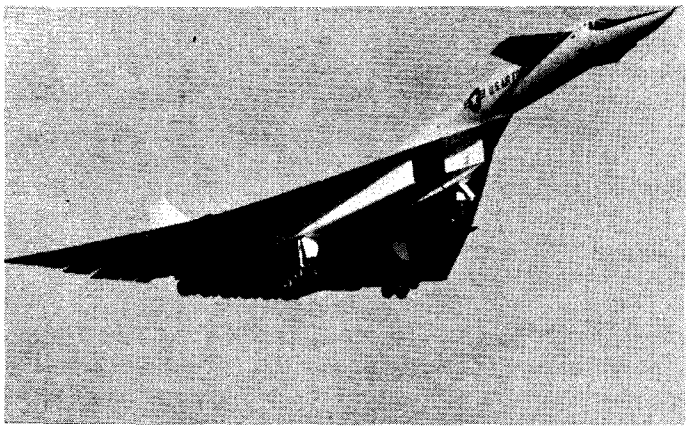
THUMBS DOWN:

XB-70 Advanced Manned Strategic Bomber



their splendid memories of heroism in the air, who are affected—for it is much more than contracts and bureaucratic empires that is involved, though it is also contracts and empires. Who will not sympathize when there is resistance, resentment and anger against an upstart accountant who uses his slide rule to chop down noble trees?

The loudest of all flaps in the McNamara saga was fanned by TFX.

The TFX, now the F-111, is not merely a new aircraft but a new breed of aircraft which fuses three major developments that are jumping aircraft—in particular military aircraft—up a quantum.

The great problem of aircraft has been the high ratio of deadweight to power (and lift). This was gradually lowered by improvements in internal combustion engines, materials used for wings and fuselage, design, etc. But for military aircraft, from their introduction in World War I until this most recent period, the limitations had inescapable consequences. On the one hand, the payload was relatively small. On the other, good performance in one respect (takeoff, speed at low altitude, speed at high altitude, load, range, maneuverability . . .) sacrificed performance in other respects. Thus each military mission—interception, attack, reconnaissance, carrier-based, land-or water-based, high speed, heavy load, and so on by the score—called for a highly specialized type of plane.

These technological realities were fitted into the autonomous-service American military system. There was an Army Air Force, from which the independent Air Force split off in 1947, a Navy Air Force, and a Marine Air Force. Within all four there were many subdivisions, each with its own specialized planes. By the nature of the system, each service built up large offices handling research, plans and procurement; great corporations arose to do the producing, often specializing in one type of craft; relations, personal and corporate, between the military design and procurement staffs and the aircraft producers became close. With the quantitative and qualitative expansion of our military forces in the cold war epoch, the scale of these activities became vast both in money and in the number of persons directly or indirectly involved.

Then—first in conception, considerably later in practice—came three big innovations. First, substitution of the gas turbine ("jet") for the internal combustion engine, especially with the perfecting of a throttling device and afterburners, improved the engine's weight-power ratio by several orders of magnitude. Second—the most publicized feature of F-111—the idea of variable geometry wing surfaces (present in embryo in flaps) was extended to the entire wing, and technical advances proved equal to the problem of applying the idea in practice. Thus the *same* plane could possess the advantages of large, extended wing surface (shorter takeoff, more efficient flight at lower speeds) and swept-back wings (efficient operations at supersonic speeds). Third, miniaturization enormously reduced the weight and size of many items which military aircraft must carry: in particular, electronic computers and other electronic gear. Nuclear bombs also have been, not literally miniaturized, but greatly reduced in the ratio of weight/size to yield.

Given these technological premises, it became possible to think of a multipurpose military aircraft, or rather family of aircraft, in which each individual type of plane would have a number of hitherto inconsistent capabilities (short takeoff, supersonic speed, big payload, etc.). Related types, representing modifications of a common ancestor, could handle such diverse missions as tactical attack, interception, long-range bombing, reconnaissance and carrier-based operations. This is the bold idea that has become matter in the F-111 family.

Few projects in our military history have sustained so fierce and prolonged an attack from domestic critics as F-111, and few such attacks have made more reckless use of "factual errors, unsupported statements and misleading conclusions"—to cite the summarizing words of the analysis by the Navy, Air Force and Directorate of Defense Research and Engineering, prepared at the request of Senator Stuart Symington, of the fourth blast (August 15, 1966) in *Barron's*' continuing series. Even an amateur like myself, going through the Fort Worth plant and looking at a few of the completed planes, can easily see with his own eyes how obviously false some of the statements are: for example, *Barron's*' assertion that "there is no way to plug the gaps

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[where the wings move in and out of the fuselage] without upsetting the delicate functioning of the wing pivots." (This assertion is doubly odd. Not only *is* there a way, as plain as the nose on a face, but there is no connection between the fuselage gap and "the delicate functioning of the wing pivot"—which, as a matter of fact, is far from "delicate.") Again, *Barron's'* comments on maintenance dissolve without trace once one has seen even a little of F-111's advance in maintenance arrangements over previous systems.

Other widely circulated charges—that the F-111A program is far behind schedule (it is in fact on schedule); that carrier elevators and catapults can't handle the weight of F-111B (in fact they have handled heavier aircraft); that F-111B required 35 mph "wind-over-the-deck" for carrier landings (in fact, it requires less than half that wind velocity—much less than the carrier-borne F-4); that F-111A has not flown supersonically at low levels (it has) or up to Mach 2.5 at high altitudes (it has), etc., etc.—are so directly false as to be puzzling. Then, what is one to make of polemicists who (like *Barron's'* J. Richard Elliott Jr.) announce that "a plane at any weight is supposed to be designed to travel at zero drag"—a condition not merely physically impossible but self-contradictory.

The F-111s look like sweet planes to an amateur eye, and the men who have flown them more than a thousand times deep in the skies of Texas give the same report. (Australian Air Minister Peter Howson, a former naval pilot, for whose force 24 F-111s have been ordered, thought it would be "rather good to see for myself" how accurate the criticisms are. He came to this country and on October 5 tried his own hand. He commented on landing: "Everything good that I have been told about the F-111 is confirmed. . . . The plane exceeds all my expectations.")

In conception, the F-111 will be the most advanced weapons system in the world. Still, it is possible that, in whole or in part, the system may prove in practice a flop, as a result either of its own internal deficiencies or of the campaign against it. (No doubt the "flying Edsel" crack is irresistible at a certain height of polemical passion. The truth of *that* matter is that McNamara had nothing to do with the Edsel except to share in the decision to put it out of its misery. The Edsel was planned and produced by the Ford Motor Company's Mercury division at a period when McNamara's job was in the Ford division.) But whether successful or not, the F-111 project would have aroused myriad antagonisms against McNamara as its prime champion.

GD-Grumman, Boeing Close

The dispute over the award's going to General Dynamics-Grumman rather than to Boeing, though bitter, was a secondary and passing source of trouble. All three companies are in the top rank of the nation's advanced industrial enterprises. (In the final scores of the technical evaluation team the two designs were only a few percentage points apart—GD-Grumman's being those points ahead, as it happens—counter to the almost universal myth.) Boeing would have taken the rap instead of GD-Grumman, if Boeing had got the contract, and pretty much the same plane would probably have issued from the production line. But the F-111, whoever was to build it, had to confront, to start with, the normal human resistance to a sharp break with the customary ways of the past. And naturally each Service would have preferred a project of its very own, with the design and the multi-billion-dollar contracts wholly under its jurisdiction.

In this case it was the Navy that felt the most acute grievance. The very large Navy staff accumulated over the years to deal with the development, design and procurement of naval aircraft was in substance bypassed and superseded by the swiftly growing staff ("the whiz kids") attached directly to the office of the Secretary of Defense. Somewhat as in the case of the Air Force in relation to AMSA, the Navy's procurement division sensed a threat not only to its rank and perquisites but even to its survival; and the fact that Navy people, like everyone else, fight back against the attrition of their bureaucratic empire in no way impugns the sincerity with which they believe the new procedures to be a danger to the country.

No clan in the nation is bound together more closely than the Navy by common loyalty and tradition; in Congress and among the population at large the Navy has always had many warm friends and allies. From this broad and powerful base has come a goodly portion of the sharpest criticism of McNamara.

The expansion of the central Pentagon staff is of acute concern to all the Services and to the nation in general. As recently as 1960 there were fewer than 2,000 persons attached to the Joints Chiefs and the Secretary's office. Today there are about 60,000, both civilian and military, with several thousand more in such auxiliaries as Rand Corporation and the Institute for Defense Analysis. This growth expresses, in part, the tightening integration—in practice now instead of merely on paper—of the Services. From the point of view of each Service it means a usurpation of traditional function and authority—especially because of the high proportion of civilians—and is resisted accordingly. Mr. Hanson Baldwin (a Naval Academy graduate, as it happens) has persuasively argued (*cf. Foreign Affairs*, January 1965) that the expanded control staff has Parkinsonian consequences: that in practice it often does not streamline procedures and bypass bureaucratic roadblocks, but adds more committees than ever to review projects, and more signatures to get before a decision can be made.

Again, communication between top and bottom, though seemingly perfected by electronic, computer and administrative techniques, sometimes becomes more difficult than ever in practice. The perfected inventory control at the top somehow doesn't put the right part at the right moment on the table of the electronic maintenance lab. The tactical command decision at the center (for command, too, is subject to the centralization) somehow becomes irrelevant over the mission's target or in the jungle clearing.

My purpose in discussing AMSA and F-111 has not been to defend McNamara's decisions—other than to suggest that they were not self-evi-

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dently ridiculous, and to reinforce my contention that most people who attack (or defend) McNamara have no idea whether in objective fact his policies have been right or wrong. Principally, I have wanted to show, by case histories (any of a dozen others might have been substituted for these two), how natural and indeed inevitable it is that a lot of people, and a number of powerful institutions, should get sore at the Secretary of Defense. Other of McNamara's actions (the big *decisions*, of course, are really the President's, not his; but as the administrator who puts them into effect he becomes the target) have had still broader repercussions than AMSA and F-111: for example, the closing of more than 800 local installations. Anyone who lives near one of these abandoned orphans knows how painful for the locality is the resultant loss of payrolls, tenants, sales and prestige. A local merchant, mayor, governor or member of Congress always bitterly protests the shutting down of *his* installation, no matter how vigorous an advocate he may be of economy in government.

Civilianization Campaign

Then there is the McNamara proposal—so far unsuccessful—to merge a reorganized and trimmed-down military reserve with the National Guard: a proposal that steps on literally hundreds of thousands of tender toes, among them the digits of the very influential veterans' organizations.

McNamara's civilianization campaign has also excited strong opposition within the Services—and has had little support from conservatives who in doctrine might seem biased toward it. McNamara has taken the Services out of many operations that are plausibly "civilian" in nature: e.g., he has closed Navy yards and Army arsenals; he has in many cases ordered jobs like catering, construction, laundry, painting, etc. to be let out, by competitive bids, to civilian firms instead of being done by military personnel. Also, he has been hiring civilians to replace military personnel for all sorts of high and low jobs—as engineers, scientists, accountants and systems analysts as well as elevator operators. In September 1965 he announced that 60,000 civilians were going to replace 75,000 uniformed men by June 30, 1966. (Concentration on the Vietnam war—and opposition from the Services—slowed the pace, but the objective has not changed.) There are motives besides the wish to preserve their own empires that lead many military men to distrust this shift. "Transients" (as the military calls "civilians") cannot be—many officers believe, not without some reason—counted on like loyal and disciplined career military personnel. And who knows (as I suggested in discussing AMSA) where this process of civilianization may end? Exactly where, in modern technology, armament and warfare, is the line to be drawn between civilian and military?

"MAC THE KNIFE"

Another factor affecting the public attitude toward McNamara and toward all Defense Secretaries should not be overlooked. War and the threat of war in the modern age are a subject tied to profound human emotions, among which fear, hidden or open, is prominent. Wars have got much beyond individual handling. Our fate, with respect to wars, is in the hands of *them*—the President, the Secretary of Defense and the Service commanders. Of these, the Secretary of Defense is the most available scapegoat; the President has other concerns than war, and besides there is nothing to be done about him anyway until the next election; and we've just *got* to rely on the loyalty and courage of our military men.

But we can let ourselves go on the Secretary of Defense; after all, we can always get another Secretary when we have finished disemboweling this one.

About war and the threat of war we want to feel reassured. Our fears are readily stirred when someone—especially if it is someone with a notable military record—tells us we are exposed to an imminent danger. If he goes on to promise us that weapon *X* will protect us against that danger, we naturally think, Why not build *X*? Even if there is doubt about *X*, build it anyway, and *Y* too. Let's not take the chance. It becomes hard to explain that the danger doesn't really exist, or is already sufficiently countered, or that *X* is no good for the job or still an undefined hope, or that the country cannot afford *X* along with the still more crucial *Y* and *Z*. We cannot help resenting the man who then says No; who turns thumbs down on *X*. And McNamara is a man who says his No's with flat and unmistakable simplicity.

Fear along with a long list of other deep emotions comes powerfully into play in relation to an actual war, presently in relation to the Vietnam fighting. In a war, everything is, or is potentially, at stake. Therefore in every war there are the charges of shortages, lack of foresight, wrong weapons, inefficiencies, "letting the fighting men down." It is well and proper that there should be these charges. They are usually true—always true in part—and, true or not, they keep the brass and the officials hopping.

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"In Robert McNamara Mr. Johnson clearly got the man he was looking for."

NEWSWEEK, December 6, 1965

IS THIS THE MAN?

McNamara seems to be the most aggressive representative of the military-industrial complex. *Worker*, Sept. 11, 1966

The House Armed Services Committee and four subcommittees have been investigating the Pentagon as if it were the Kremlin....Of the three reports that have been released, one criticized McNamara's December decision to close, consolidate, or cut back 149 military bases and warned that any future decisions on closings "must show a greater awareness of possible contingent requirements...." A second report lambasted the Secretary....The most hostile report of all concerned...his 1961 cutback on funds for big bombers and his subsequent decision to replace them in the next ten years with the FB-111. *Time*, May 6, 1966

Secretary McNamara seldom asks advice, and listens only when he asks. I am constrained to ask: "Upon what meat does this, our Caesar, feed that he is grown so great?"
Rep. Leslie Arends (House Minority Whip), 1966

Apparently there is no end to the depth of folly to which Robert McNamara can descend when he gets his yo-yo of wrong-way decisions really zipping. It is my bet that no public official in U.S. history has been as massively, consistently and arrogantly wrong as the man who is now our Secretary of Defense and Lyndon Johnson's assistant president.
Barry Goldwater
Human Events, August 6, 1966

The record shows him dead wrong, constantly wrong and wrong on all sides of the Vietnam situation for five solid years.
Henry J. Taylor, columnist
NY World Journal Tribune
October 22, 1966

A protest demonstration against the granting of honorary degrees to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara...will be held Wednesday at 11 A.M. on the campus of New York University....It will be McNamara's second confrontation with graduating students within a week. *Worker*, June 7, 1966

It is incredible that any man could serve as Secretary of Defense for five years and remain so profoundly ignorant of the fundamental realities of war.
General Thomas A. Lane
Human Events, May 14, 1966

Throughout Congress, indeed, the powers-that-be are said to be chafing over the reliance on the man who has held the job of Secretary of Defense longer—and perhaps with more disastrous results—than any other in history. *Barron's*, August 15, 1966

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They are being heard in connection with Vietnam, and cannot be talked away even by Arthur Sylvester. But less interested observers will perhaps one day view the facts with more just proportion. Few Americans at the moment sufficiently appreciate their country's Vietnam achievement. This achievement is due in the first instance to the energy, skills, discipline and patriotism of our military professionals, backed by the skills and work of American industry, but both the Armed Services and industry operate within the structure of which McNamara—subject to his commander's ultimate direction—is chief.

One must make these judgments on a comparative basis, not measured against a utopian ideal. Granted all the inefficiencies, mistakes, shortages and stupidities, American performance in this war—*within the political-strategic limits, which are not McNamara's responsibility*—is probably the best on our historical record.

Our nation has deployed more than 300,000 men plus incredible amounts of all types of equipment and supplies (aircraft maintenance alone requires 230,000 items) in a country 10,000 miles away, with utterly unfamiliar terrain, that two years ago did not have a single major port. We have blocked a thoroughly experienced, well-trained, well-led enemy from winning a victory that was all but in hand. With the helicopter and Airmobile tactics, new forms of "search and destroy," new waterborne operations, new communications techniques, new types of air missions, and so on, our forces—in the traditional manner of American armies when they get down to business—are rapidly improving and refining their methods of combat, and introducing new methods that may lead to breakthroughs of genuinely strategic significance.

When Senator Wayne Morse tried to taunt the Secretary of Defense by pinning the label "McNamara's war" on the Vietnam fighting, there was reason for the proud if undiplomatic answer: "I don't object to its being called 'McNamara's war.' I think it is a very important war, and I am pleased to be identified with it, and to do whatever I can to win it."

There is one sector of American opinion from which attacks on McNamara have not been mounted; which has, generally speaking, praised him and his performance, sometimes to the point of adulation. This sector is notably represented by *Time*, *Fortune* and *Newsweek*. These publications are, by and large, spokesmen for American business management, especially for the management for the larger, publicly owned corporations. Their deviation on the McNamara issue suggests what Marxists might call McNamara's "historic role."

Robert McNamara's role has been, put briefly, to try to integrate the defense establishment into the structure of this country's advanced, managerial economy.

Prior to the Second World War, the United States never had a large "military establishment" that was an integral element of American society as a whole. The military Services were skeleton, cadre organizations which, in major wars, formed the nuclei of a rapidly expanded citizens' army. In peacetime the Services drew back into a bayou, off the main stream. Except for "war heroes," the officer corps had a relatively low social status, much lower than in most other nations. The military ethos, mode of life and typical way of thinking were markedly different from those of the population at large. Military strategy and theory hardly figured in the educational curriculum. Military matters were not, except in wartime, a big factor in the economy.

On the whole, the senior officers were left free to run things in their own department more or less the way they wanted to.

With the Second World War and the cold war, the Services themselves, and their relation to the rest of the society, were fundamentally changed. The military had become—and would henceforth forever be—a major economic, social and political institution from every point of view. Large numbers of persons would be in uniform or indirectly working on military tasks. Military costs—not all included in formal military budgets—rose into dizzying billions. The cost of just one weapons system could reach $15 billion or $20 billion. The largest corporations and largest universities became enmeshed with the Pentagon.

At the same time the art of war, along with the rest of society, was engulfed in a technological revolution. Today's advanced weapons systems belong to a radically different order of being from that of the primitive pre-1939 armaments. Among other consequences, the traditional lines of separation among the branches of the Services became obsolescent.

These revolutionary changes meant also a drastic shift in the type of person and training that military service demands. In truth, what has happened, more generally, is a breakdown in the distinction between "military" and "civilian." Just as there is no longer a clear line between "peace" and "war," so there is no clear separation between military and civilian (e.g., industrial, research, propaganda, foreign aid, intelligence) institutions. Analogously, there is—in some but not all sectors—no real distinction, in terms of task to be done, between military and civilian personnel. Immediate, direct combat may still be distinctive as a military function (though what of part-time partisans and guerrillas?), but in today's world only a small percentage of the persons in uniform are even potentially involved in immediate, direct combat. Most are performing scientific, technical, administrative and housekeeping functions that remain the same in substance whether done in or out of uniform. Indeed, as I have already queried, what is distinctively military about a strategic missile system? The stringency of the training and discipline, perhaps? But a Gemini flight or a moon-probe is just as stringent. Nor is operating a Polaris nuclear submarine so terribly different from operating any other nuclear reactor. The fact that NASA is formally a "civilian agency" alters its power structure but does not lessen the enormous military significance of its operations. Philosophically, the difference becomes in general less striking when it is recalled that everyone nowadays is a target.

Like every other institution and more than most because of the tightness of their traditions and the closeness of the comradeship that comes from looking together at death, the Armed Services are weighted with "cultural lags." As they entered this new revolutionary epoch, their structure, their ideas and their ways of

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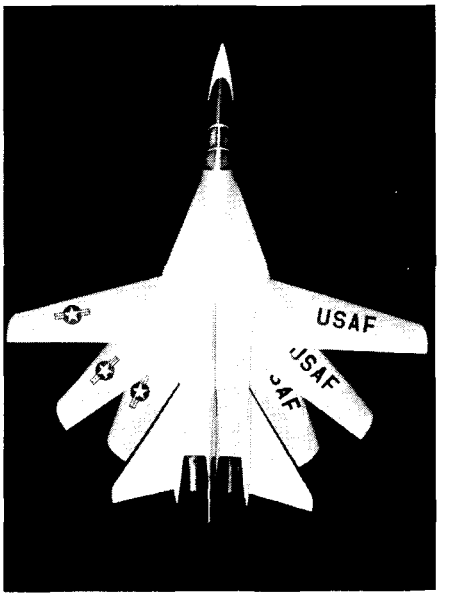
doing things were not adapted to the requirements of the new historical situation within which they found themselves. The situation demanded: a) internal reorganization of the Services themselves, including the general overhaul somewhat vaguely referred to as "unification"; and b) a re-integration of the military establishment as a whole into the altered economic, political and social structure of the country—a "unification" of the military with the nation.

These were the needs, felt in the aftermath of the war, that resulted in the 1947 National Security Act, and that every Secretary of Defense under the Act has, more or less ardently and consistently, tried to meet. With the years, the problem has become always more acute and the needs more imperative. McNamara's is the most direct, sustained, resolute and indeed ruthless attempt to deal with the problem and the needs. He has had, moreover, a more sweeping directive and firmer backing from his chiefs than any of the others. When he took office in January 1961, his instructions from President Kennedy were: "1. Develop the military force structure necessary to support our foreign policy without regard to arbitrary budget ceilings. 2. Procure and operate this force at the lowest possible cost." Lyndon Johnson has continued the same directive, and the backing. McNamara *has* been the Lord High Executioner.

McNamara issues out of the forehead of contemporary, large-scale, advanced business enterprise. In social origin (respectable, unwealthy middle class), education (University of California, Harvard Business School), career (from accountant to president of Ford), even in the sentimental banality of his publicly expressed political ideas, he is a perfect exemplar of the top level of the new managerial class. He has interpreted his instructions as meaning: . make the defense establishment as closely as possible an integral element of our advanced managerial economy. The hotly debated hallmarks of the McNamara regime—program definition, cost-efficiency, systems analysis, centralized procurement, computerized inventory control, ultra-speed internal communications, etc.—are the routine methods of modern management as it operates in our great corporations.

It is the combined vigor and sweep of McNamara's attempt to carry out this fundamental historical task that is the underlying cause of the combined intensity and breadth of the criticism. The bulk of the officer corps—especially the graduates of the Academies, and most particularly the Naval Academy, still dominated by a tradition now at least partly obsolescent—are instinctively opposed to, or at least suspicious of, the implications of the McNamara course. (Though not so much the ranks, where the larger percentage of technicians intuitively "identify" with McNamara. "So far as they care," a Navy electronics technician replied to my inquiry, "technicians [in the Navy ranks] are quite pro-McNamara, because of their methodological affinity and for another reason. It's just the one for which some journalists are anti-McNamara: McNamara 'damages the morale of senior officers' by overruling them, not letting them run their own show, etc. Well, if any one group in the Navy damages the technicians' morale, that group (at least by appearances) is these same senior officers; so, many technicians have found an ally thanks to a common foe. . . . These senior officers demonstrate no technical or managerial competence. . . . You may remember about a year ago one or two admirals in the Bureau of Ships resigned, protesting McNamara's policies. Although there wasn't enough information to determine the pros and cons of this particular incident, there was enough to satisfy everyone in the electronics division who heard about it: they were admirals, they were in BuShips, and McNamara drove them out. Excellent! . . . Whatever McNamara is actually up to, he and Rickover are the lonely pair in the Navy's top echelons with favorable myths—'one of us,' with-it people. Charisma-wise the rest of them are complete duds. The sailor without the vaguest idea who 'his' admiral is knows of Rickover and McNamara in name and reputation.") This opposition from the officer corps is carried over to their friends in Congress and journalism-TV, and taken up by the Administration's political opponents. All who distrust radical change in so vital a social sector as security, or who merely don't understand the reasons for it, join in. McNamara is attacked by the Left because the Left has a blanket hatred of the system of business enterprise; he is criticized by the Right because the Right harks back, in nostalgia if not in practice, to outmoded forms of business enterprise.



The McNamara project is doomed to at least partial failure. "Defense"—that is, war—cannot in the end be wholly assimilated within the general politico-economic structure, and there are therefore special qualifications, rules, privileges and exceptions that must always hold for soldiers. There are things in war not dreamt of by IBM's computers. ("When it comes to using the Services," comments my correspondent, "I have a few more reservations about him, not having seen any proof that McNamara & Co. have an intuitive feel for the use of force; they seem to be more foxes than lions.") But though doomed to incompleteness, the effort was inevitable, and will not halt, no matter who succeeds Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara. The days of sailing ships, oil lamps and sealing wax will not return. It is no longer possible for the military establishment to act as a free-wheeling surd: too much—and continuously now—is at stake; too much human life, too much power, too much money. What we have here, as in most of the great human issues, is not, as Liberals put it, a "problem" that can be "solved," but an inescapable condition that we must continue to live with. □

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Letter from Canada

The Challenge Ahead

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Ottawa

Though sensitive Canadian nationalists dislike the idea, the full and speedy development of Canada clearly requires integration of continental resources. "There is no such thing as 'continental resources,'" say the foes of economic integration in North America, "only Canadian resources." Irritation and sensitivity on this point have emerged as a result of proposals that Canada's wasted waters—now flowing into the Arctic or Pacific Oceans—be exported to the arid American Southwest. But the issue is much larger than any proposed and debated North American water alliance.

Canada, a nation of eighteen million people, is confronted by many more problems than is realized by Americans. It is a nation deeply concerned over its identity, or lack thereof. A national goal has not been determined, partly because of deep internal division among French and English-speaking Canadians. Whereas in the United States the Federal Government has grown at the expense of the states, Canada's federal government is continually giving way to the demands of the provinces. Quebec leaders speak of their province as a "nation." They insist upon the right of the province to negotiate cultural agreements with France, an area of governmental action that in all other lands would be reserved to the sovereign national authority. But it is not only Quebec that follows an independent course. British Columbia is a law unto itself, encouraging Japanese trade and investment and proposing to incorporate the vast Yukon Territory.

Faced with these stresses, there has developed among Canadians a strong current of opposition to American investment in Canada which goes hand in hand with an avid interest in American policies and politics. Someone has said that there are many "vicarious Americans" in Canada who want a say on American policies while being completely divorced from American responsibilities.

Canadian nationalism, in its current anti-American mood, seems to be a petulant reaction to the country's inability to find itself. Moreover, it seems to be restricted to a narrow layer of the country's population. The ordinary Canadian citizen doesn't seem to have any bitterness toward the United States. Canadians move freely across the border. They read American magazines, watch American television, and follow U. S. sports. Canadian workingmen, doing the same jobs as Americans—often for the same companies—wonder why they can't enjoy wage parity with their American neighbors.

The Underdeveloped North

In time, something will have to give—either the opposition to U. S. economic activity or the desire to have a higher standard of living. I would not bet on Canadians surrendering their desire for a better material life. Canada is the second largest country in the world. Much of it is underdeveloped. Nova Scotia and Newfoundland have serious unemployment problems. The people of the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and northern Manitoba are pressing for more rapid development of those regions. The Canadian Far North—from Labrador to the Yukon—is North America's last frontier. The ancient pre-Cambrian rocks of the Canadian Shield are enormously rich in minerals. Oil has been found in the Arctic. Thoughtful Canadians realize that their country's greatest opportunities lie in the northland. But this region of muskeg and frozen lakes can be fully opened only by massive investment in transportation and living facilities. It can be done, and has been done in a number of places where mining properties justify the expenditure.

American investment is a bugaboo, as is the fear of a loss of sovereignty involved in selling surplus water to the United States. Canada has contracted to sell all its surplus wheat to the Soviet Union for a three-year period, a commitment which certainly ties down the Canadians. What's wrong, one may ask, in selling water to Americans if wheat is being sold to Russians? The irrational character of the opposition to water sales is indicated by the fact that Canada is eager to sell natural gas. Again, the growing populations of the Southwest can use natural gas exported by Canada. It is hard to understand what difference there is between exporting gas and exporting water.

No Colonizing

It is not as though Canada would become a colony of the United States if wider economic relationships were encouraged. Postwar Europe has swept away many economic barriers, without one country colonizing another. If Canada and the U. S. were closer to a single economic unit, more Americans might move north into the opportunity lands of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. At present, Canada is losing valuable citizens through the "brain drain." If there were an upward adjustment of pay scales, through increased U. S. economic activity, this drain might be ended The inter-relatedness of North America is a fact. New York City can make use of electric power generated in Labrador. Southern California can use water from the Peace River. Alaska and the Yukon have a common interest in paving the Alaskan Highway. The Northwest Territories and northern Manitoba require increased investments by Americans with a vision of the Far North's potential in the decades ahead.

If Canada's political and intellectual leaders turn their backs on a closer economic relationship with the United States, they will deny to the rising generation of Canadians untold opportunities and the standard of living they want. Without these opportunities and the higher standard, Canadians of ability may drift to the U.S. The question is whether a new Canadian political leader will emerge who has the courage to come forth with proposals for a stronger North America based on integration of continental resources.

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Feeding the Food Editor

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

At the recent Food Editors' Conference in Boston, a five-day event organized by the American Association of Newspaper Representatives, the ladies who write the food columns in the nation's newspapers (there are very few men) started their labors with the following dinner: Clams Normande; Turtle Soup with Sherry; Breast of Pheasant with Bread Sauce and Wild Berries, Deviled Ham and Paté Dressing; Wild Rice and Pinon Nuts; Braised Celery; Tomatoes with Pureed Lima Beans; Salad of Endive, Boston Lettuce and Walnuts with White French Dressing; Brandied Pumpkin Ice Cream in Pumpkin Shells; Muster Day Ginger Cookies and Coffee. The whole thing was washed down with Corton Charlemagne, a white Burgundy of the very highest class, and a Romanée St. Vivant, an equally noble red Burgundy. To honor the site, Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread were also served.

The editors were limbering up for a schedule of demonstrations, trips, dinners, drinks, parties and gifts from the nation's leading food manufacturers that can only be called awesome. Even more awesome is the cost of these affairs, which mounts into the hundreds of thousands and keeps the public relations firms in charge of them in a tizzy for months, trying to think up new and effective arrangements. Novelty is important. The Food Editors' Conference is restricted to newspaper writers. Magazine food editors are not nearly as useful to good food manufacturers; they have long-term schedules which make news obsolete and they balk at being as direct about the virtues of their benefactors as many of the newspaper people are or have to be.

Every moment of the five days in Boston was filled. Here is a sample day:

Thursday, September 29, 9 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.—Brunch and Press Suites. Brunch Host: National Association of Frozen Foods. Press Suite Hosts: Chinese Maid Foods, Inc., Best Foods Division of Corn Products Co., Duffy-Mott Company, 3M Company. 11:30 to 12:30 P.M.—Filing Period. 11:30 to 2:30—Luncheon. Host: Anderson, Clayton & Company. 2:45 to 3:45—Meeting. Host: Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc. 3:45 to 5:00—Filing Period. 5:00 to 10:30—Dinner. Host: General Foods Co., 10:30 to 12:00—Reception. Host: Diet-Rite Div. of Royal Crown Cola Company.

The gifts, or loot as they are called in the trade, included the following (for which I'm indebted to the notes of a friend who attended, since as a magazine contributor I don't qualify for any of these binges): From the frozen food packers, a denim laundry bag with paper dress and beach towel. From the Lamb Council, a boning knife. From the apple growers: Commemoration Johnny Appleseed stamps, first day issue postcard and letter. From the frozen food indus-

try, a Hattie Carnegie crystal necklace (ice, see?). From the licensed beverage industries, a sterling silver whistle for a charm bracelet. From people my spy can't remember (and she apologizes if she has made mistakes in placing the above gifts): English morocco credit card case, wooden snack bowl (quite handsome), two salad bowls, hand-painted china plate (ghastly), stuffed toy basset hound, inexpensive electric percolator in box containing paper cups, plates, individual serving cans of fruit juice, half-pound can of coffee—all this called a "wake-up box"; travel alarm clock (good brand); folding waste basket; silver pin about 1½ inches long in shape of a fish; marble cheese tray (lazy-susan type); bone-handle cheese knife. Fruit, my spy says, is also traditionally sent to editors' hotel rooms in case they get hungry between meals.

The legitimacy of bringing new products or new product uses to the attention of people whose business it is to spread information about them is not to be questioned. Neither is it to be questioned that all this has to be organized in the best possible way. But what is awe-inspiring is this ritual of propitiation. Compared to the lordly food editor, the poor ancient gods with their miserable little favors look pesky. As a result, several of the largest newspapers and wire services have clamped down on free trips and other lagniappe that their editors may be tempted to accept, and many of our more eminent food editors will have as little as possible to do with the manufacturers' bounty.

As the payola scandals revealed, more giving and taking goes on in this country than the Bible would approve of. An editor with a healthy circulation is besieged by public relations firms to go to Peru to inaugurate a new flight, look at olives in Spain, tour the Champagne country, and eat and drink at the most expensive restaurants. A good deal of this wooing is low-pressure and legitimate. Nevertheless, the system is insidious enough. Few people are so callous as to ignore or chastise somebody who's just given them a lovely outing to a sauce manufacturer's island, or a splendid booze bash.

As for the food editors themselves, some are greedy and some are not. Some carry the divine right of food editors to an extreme. I remember the kitchens of a magazine where I once worked which at Christmas were so full of loot of every kind that only the kitchen staff was allowed in, for the same reasons that prompted Louis XIV not to allow *le peuple* into Versailles. Other food editors have been known to take wives, husbands and boyfriends on promotional trips. The public relations people know all this, but what can they do when the editor's pages may reach millions of potential consumers? Or, as the editors would put it in John Pomfret's words: "For that which makes our life delightful prove, Is a genteel sufficiency and love."

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Peking's Next Target?

Red China lost its gamble in Indonesia a year ago. Now it's after the Philippines, which is America's single most important Pacific strategic bastion

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

It may have come as a considerable surprise to Americans to read that it took a riot squad armed with tear gas, clubs and shotguns to break up a screaming mob of Filipino students chanting peace slogans in front of President Johnson's hotel in Manila last week. The demonstration was efficiently mounted. The students marched in groups from the American embassy to the Manila Hotel. They carried the usual peacenik and "Down with American Imperialism" banners. They chanted "Hey, Hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" Dozens were arrested, at least a score wounded in twenty minutes of hand-to-hand battling before the tough and well-trained police broke it up. How come, was the reaction in the States: isn't the Philippines America's oldest and best friend in the Pacific?

The answer is, yes it is. But it is also—and for many reasons—extremely vulnerable to Communist subversion, both on the campuses, among the intellectuals, and in the *barrios* where there has been a renewal in recent months of guerrilla activity and terrorism.

With the outlawing of the Philippine Communist Party in 1957 at the tail end of the great Huk guerrilla uprising, and with most of its leaders in prison, Philippine Communism floundered aimlessly for a few years, seeking to establish new fronts among rural workers and trade unions. It was not until the early 1960s, as a result of the growing influence of the Indonesian Communist Party throughout Southeast Asia, that Philippine Communism began to show new life. The itinerant Indonesian immigrant community in the southern Philippine islands provided ideal cover for the entry of Indonesian Communist agents: on Karekalang Island, close to the major port of Davao, the Indonesian Communist Party, beginning in 1962, maintained a school for the training of agents and agitators, some of whom soon began to make their appearance in the volatile campus communities of Manila. As Sukarno proved ever more amenable to Peking's policies, a radical anti-Americanism became apparent in segments of the Philippine press and the student movement.

By early October 1964, José Lukban, director of the National Bureau of Investigation (the Philippine FBI) reported that Indonesian Communists, with connections in the University of the Philippines, were responsible for recent anti-American demonstrations, and in June of the following year Philippine military Intelligence expressed "grave concern" over the continuing effect of Indonesian Communist agents in various levels of Philippine society. By this time, however, the new Philippine Communist-front complex had acquired organizational strength and momentum of its own, so that the disaster that befell the Indonesian Communists after their abortive coup in September 1965 did not greatly affect it. By the middle of May 1966, Philippine Intelligence, in a widely publicized report, noted that some forty youth and student organizations had been infiltrated by Communists as part of a long-range "cultural offensive" and that several score of labor unions and "agrarian groups" were also being drawn into the new front network.

Communist Fronts

In the vanguard of today's Communist front offensive are two organizations: *Kabataang Makabayan* (Nationalist Youth Movement) and *Lapiang Manggagawa* (Labor Party), together with a cluster of smaller groups whose membership frequently overlap, such as the "Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation of the Philippines," and the "Philippine Committee for Freedom in South Vietnam." The total hardcore membership of these fronts is about 6,000, but sympathizers and fellow travelers in the infiltrated youth and labor organizations who can be counted upon to "march for peace in Vietnam," or denounce American economic "parity" rights in the Philippines, number many times that figure.

In November 1965, the *World Marxist Review*, Moscow's international megaphone, called the *Kabataang* and the *Lapiang* the "most outspoken and most active of the new organizations in the Philippine struggle for freedom," but, even without this, the leadership of the two organizations would clearly betray their character. The *Kabataang* was founded (in 1964) and is led by José Sison and José Lansang, one a teacher, the other Dean of the School of Journalism at the Lyceum of the Philippines, one of the country's most respected educational institutions. Sison, dismissed from the University of the Philippines for his radical views, maintained close contact with the Indonesian Communists, according to reports, while Lansang was arrested on suspicion of Communist involvement and subsequently confessed to having joined the Communist Party. The *Lapiang*, organized in 1962, has been led from the start by radical labor leaders such as Felixberto Olalia, former member of the Philippine CP Politburo, and Cipriano Cid who reportedly has also maintained close connections with the underground party.

A *Kabataang-Lapiang* demonstration in full cry is a not unimpressive spectacle, as the authorities discovered again last week. But mass agitation is obviously only a tactic to be indulged in occasionally and with care at this point. The real thrust of the *Kabataang-Lapiang* and their satellites is at the intellectual and

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political community, both present and future, and it is to them, not so much to the Manila proletariat, that organizational publications are primarily addressed.

Their chief organ is *Progressive Review,* with Sison as editor and his wife as business manager. Unlike most other Philippine "journals of opinion" the *Review* is attractively printed, well bound, on good quality paper and carefully edited, with Bertrand Russell listed as "Sponsor." Editorials have a strong Maoist flavor, calling for the "completion" of the "national democratic phase" of the Philippine revolution in preparation for a socialist society, and for the formation of a broad "anti-imperialist" and "anti-feudal" front of "nationalists," peasants, workers and elements of the petit bourgeoisie. The Philippines is characterized as a "vassal" of American imperialism and "neo-colonialism." When the Committee on Un-Filipino Activities of the Philippine House of Representatives, alarmed over Communist penetration in higher education, announced it would hold a congressional inquiry, fifty "student leaders" delivered themselves of a "manifesto" which *Kabataang* cadres industriously circulated on several campuses. ("We hold the view that American imperialists and their lackeys are responsible for the inspiration behind the projected congressional inquiry," etc. etc.).

Student Feedback

One might be inclined to dismiss all this as mere sophomoric posturing, were it not that student extremism feeds back to the Philippine intellectual community generally, and that an accelerating political radicalization has begun to set the tone in other than crypto-Communist circles as well.

The Communist-assisted discovery of the American scapegoat acquires added meaning in an economy where burgeoning population growth has outdistanced economic expansion. The current national unemployment rate is 9 per cent, and a recent study by the Economic Development Foundation shows that more than 78 per cent of Philippine households live on less than 2,000 pesos or about $520 per year. Inflation has nibbled away more than 15 per cent of the real wages of skilled labor in the past four years alone. Nearly 75 per cent of the nation is literate, however, a higher rate than in most of Southeast Asia, but few countries suffer as acutely from the problem of the "educated unemployed" as the Philippines. Opportunities in citrus fruit cultivation, in ranching and (particularly in the country's central and southern "frontier areas") in mining and inter-island transport go begging, while Manila and provincial colleges and high schools continue to turn out a growing stream of status-conscious but unemployable lawyers, would-be managers and lumpen literati, good targets for the new Communist offensive.

But these are only one objective. The other remains, as it has been for several decades now, the rural population of such provinces as Pampanga, Tarlac, and Nueva Ejica in Central Luzon, the stamping ground of the Huks (short for *Hukbong Mapagpagpalaying Bayan,* meaning "People's Liberation Army" in Tagalog). Conceived during the Japanese occupation, and perpetuated as a Communist guerrilla force ever since, the Huks have never been wholly destroyed. Indeed, the new Communist front offensive in the cities has not suprisingly been accompanied by a remarkable upsurge in Huk terrorism over an alarmingly widening rural area. For example, on June 2, 1966, President Marcos, acting at the request of Defense Undersecretary Alfonso Arellaño, placed five principal cities in Pampanga under direct control of the Philippine Constabulary (in effect under martial law), in the face of a greatly stepped-up Huk campaign of terrorism, kidnaping and murder of officials and villagers. Mayors of the besieged cities reported that the Huks were in possession of modern weapons, including automatic rifles and even mortars, and were moving about in bands of seventy men or more. Arellaño expressed grave concern over the big gains made by the Huks in the recruitment of unemployed youths and rural laborers, and in the extortion of money and produce. Farmers are "taxed," and monthly Huk collections from the Angeles City area (near Clark Air Force Base) amount to over 30,000 pesos (about $9,000). People who resist the extortion are kidnaped, maimed or murdered, and the victims are later described as "landlords" or "capitalist leeches" by Huk propagandists. In pattern this follows the initial tactics of the Vietcong in the Mekong Delta in the early Sixties.

What has alarmed authorities particularly is the high degree of organization of the Huk movement today. Captured documents reveal specific zones of operations, each under a commander and with detailed "battle orders." Cadres are paid up to 200 pesos a month, with bonuses for "heavy duty." Philippine Constabulary chief Segundo Velasco has estimated the total number of "fighting" Huks and their followers now at 10,000. Many of these are simply motivated by greed in a basically still Malay society, where brigandage and piracy have long and glamorized histories. But as Arellaño, in a conversation with this writer, emphasized, training in Communism is also given to those recruits slated for leadership, and a special Huk ideological training group called "Samaka" has been conducting open forums on Communist doctrine in various villages.

Fine Hand of Peking

Equally disturbing is evidence of collusion by local and provincial officials with the Huk leadership. Constabulary commanders have openly charged a number of officials, including a score of mayors and councilors of provincial towns, with aiding and/or being in the pay of the Huks—a not altogether surprising development, since in the general election of 1965 a number of congressional candidates openly vied for or acknowledged Huk support.

The fine hand of Peking is very much in evidence in all this. By late September 1965, the Manila press was carrying Intelligence reports on guerrilla training centers, established and led by Chinese Communist agents, in Bicol in southeastern Luzon, and in the Visayas islands. These reports said Chinese Communists were working closely with the Huks and that lax enforcement of the immigration laws had resulted in an influx of at least 3,000 Chinese Communist subversives and agents. Phil-

(Continued on p. 1185)

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Letter From Madrid

Of Mountains, Molehills and The Rock

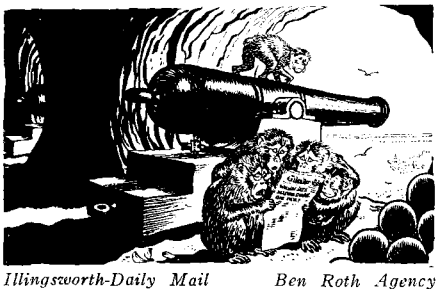
JAMES FLETCHER

In our age of transitory agreements, with the Monroe Doctrine forgotten and the NATO accords treated as relics of the forgotten Forties and Fifties, it is refreshing to see how much life is left in the hardy Peace of Utrecht (1713). By the treaty, which ended the War of the Spanish Succession, Spain ceded Gibraltar to Britain. The loss was a particularly galling one for the Spanish. But with diplomatic finesse worthy of the increasingly important role she is playing in European affairs, Spain has found in the treaty a basis for her newly-pressed claims to the Rock.

The political status of Gibraltar is difficult to describe. Britain maintains a military establishment on the Rock and controls foreign affairs; the inhabitants, a heterogeneous mixture who can only be described as Gibraltans, exercise a *de facto* control over most of Gibraltar's internal affairs. Internal and external affairs are very much the same, however, in a semi-state that consists only of a sea-locked city surrounding a huge rock and cut off (temporarily and for political reasons) from any close intercourse with the mainland to which it is so precariously attached. Gibraltar, then, is neither part of Britain, nor a colony, nor independent.

According to the Peace of Utrecht, Spain regains Gibraltar in the event that Britain gives up sovereignty. Recent discussions about possible self-government for Gibraltar have brought the treaty conditions ironically to the fore, for if Britain gives up sovereignty, even to create a self-governing state, Gibraltar should revert to the Spaniards. Subsequent treaties and agreements between the two nations, including the Treaty of Paris (1783), have not vitiated the force of the earlier agreement.

The Spaniards see British control as an anachronism—the more so since the Indian conquest of Goa. The expulsion of the Portuguese from Goa probably taught Spain a lesson; the argument of geographical contiguity seems to count in the seats of power, for no hand was raised by Portugal's allies to help her. The result has been a new Spanish stance on Gibraltar, fashioned out of the legalisms of the Treaty of Utrecht and the emotional battlecry of anti-colonialism. By taking an anti-colonialist position, Spain has proved her mettle and managed to embarrass Britain in the United Nations. For once, the British and not the Spaniards have been cast in the role of Reactionary Foe to National Self-Determination. It is good to see that Spain has correctly assessed the temper of the times by asserting a "moral" advantage over Britain at the outset. Not only wispy "world opinion" but also British sensitivity have been invoked by the new Spanish *real-diplomatique*. So



Illingsworth-Daily Mail *Ben Roth Agency*

"But they can't leave us—they'll become extinct if they do"

Harold Wilson's decision to open talks with Spain about the future of Gibraltar hardly surprises anyone. Indeed, like many of the Prime Minister's foreign ventures, it has many of its origins in his domestic policies.

The curious effect of the Gibraltar talks inside Britain has been to release a fresh stock of left-wing energy into discussions of the Spanish government. Nowhere had the Spanish Civil War been fought with so much vigor as in Britain last summer. The articulate Labor Left has busied itself with denouncing the Franco government, which it claims is illegitimate, while interfering with the Gibraltar negotiations not at all.

Of course, the British Left does not bother President Franco. The persons supported by the British Left pose about as serious a threat to the Spanish government as the Stuart pretender—whoever he may be—does to Queen Elizabeth. The main Spanish concern is to get just enough and not too much from Britain. Gibraltar, with its English-speaking population, could be integrated into Spain only with difficulty. The separation of 250 years has forged a highly individual community, and Spain has no illusions about the slender connecting threads of family and race and sometime economic interest. With a continued British presence in Gibraltar, Spain would maintain a negotiating point for future use as well as a link with the Commonwealth trade that flows through Gibraltar. And Spanish membership in the Common Market seems more possible with Britain (a bit closer to membership than Spain) in Gibraltar than with her gone. Gibraltar provides Britain's most solid link to the continent and a counterweight, however slight, to the American economic magnet. Spain realizes the necessity of the link, both for Britain and for Gibraltar; the "little blockade," which has slowed commerce and hindered individual travel, has made Britain recognize how dependent she is on a friendly Spain for the economic health of her only European outpost.

Spain has much to gain from the negotiations. She will probably win several practical concessions: use of the British airstrip for Iberia Airlines—possibly even for Spanish military aircraft; use of the port and trading facilities; and possibly even a British acknowledgment of Spanish sovereignty over Gibraltar with accompanying, if limited, extension to Gibraltar of some Spanish customs, passport, and postal services. The Minister of Economics in Gibraltar has suggested the first two concessions and the British are likely to give them serious consideration. There may even be a special place for the Spanish flag, a desirable gesture of considerable significance—especially when one remembers that British hostility to Spain continued through the recent cancelation of the

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Equality Ad Absurdum

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

A RECENT dispatch in the *New York Times* informs us that the College Entrance Examination Board is undertaking a full-scale review of "the foundations upon which [its] tests have been based for the last 30 years." One can understand that a review of these examinations (which are used by the highest-ranking American colleges as an aid in admission of their incoming freshman classes) should be undertaken from time to time to improve their efficiency in discriminating between more able and less able students.

Meyer

So when the eye meets a headline, "College Board To Study Tests," the first reaction is to assume that the article describes an admirable, if not particular noteworthy, activity—"Good. They're tightening up standards"—and pass on to the next item. It would be a mistake. The headline is a trap for nineteenth-century minds. The article reveals the full glory of the twentieth century. The aim of the review is to counter "criticism that the tests [are] geared towards the middle classes and that the culturally deprived [are] not taken into consideration."

Let us have aside the demagogic class-warfare rhetorical implication of "middle classes" and get to the guts of the sentence—which is that the College Entrance Examination Board examinations ought to be so distorted that they will no longer discriminate against those who now fail them because they are too ignorant to pass them. "Culturally deprived" is nice soapy sociological jargon, but all it means is "ignorant." The examinations separate the sheep from the goats, the educated from the ignorant? Down with the examinations!

Translated into another medium, the absurdity shouts. Why should Sandy Koufax pitch in the World Series when there are hundreds of others who would like to and are just athletically deprived?

But absurd though this proceeding is, there is method in the madness. Among the thousands of American colleges that serve as playpens and little more, the few hundred who make use of the College Entrance Board's examinations are those which have preserved some standards, some sense of quality. These examinations are one of the criteria by which they manage to get a superior student body, and the evidence over some period of time has been that college performance is well predicted by their results. If the examinations can be transformed so that they fail to distinguish between the educated and the ignorant, it will become that much more difficult to discriminate between superior and inferior. We may hope that if this should happen, the best of our universities will throw the CEEB results into the wastebasket, but one less standard to weed out the inferior will exist; the mediocre and the shoddy will have chalked up one more victory over excellence.

WE ARE witnessing the full flowering of egalitarianism, that perversion of the Western and Christian belief in the ultimate worth and dignity of each individual person. Egalitarianism is a perversion because it transforms that belief in the incommensurable, unique value of every created human being into the assumption of measurable equal capacities (if only everybody's environment and opportunities can be homogenized). It transforms the metaphysically grounded right of a human being to freedom from coercion by others, in order that he may develop his capabilities and pursue his destiny, into the pseudo-right (since every man is by definition of equal capability with every other) to equal rewards and equal respect.

For a long time the egalitarian doctrinaires directed their fire against all institutions and human conditions that stood in the way of the achievement of their perfect environmental equality. The Age of Rousseau believed that if only the evil designs of "priests and kings" were circumvented, the equal capability of all men would be displayed. All through the nineteenth century and up through the twentieth, it is this concept of the nature of man that has maintained the zeal of the leveling attack upon tradition, prescription, civilizational absolutes.

By the middle of this century, much of this program has been accomplished. American society today is far closer to the open, classless ideal of their dreams than all but the most sanguine of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century reformers concretely envisaged. The advanced countries of the rest of the world are rapidly approximating to the same state. It is not perfect yet, but enough of the leveling program has been achieved to put the ideology of equality to the test.

Alas for the dogma, the more things change, the more they remain the same. That upon which folk wisdom, common sense, and philosophical demonstration have always agreed remains the verdict of reality: men are unequal—unequal in intelligence, in ability, in vigor, in moral stamina. So now we pass to a new stage of egalitarianism. If, despite the leveling of opportunity, inequality still raises its ugly head, then there is nothing to be done but to destroy the standards that measure difference.

The College Entrance Examination Board's egalitarian fervor is only one of a thousand straws in the wind. Crime becomes "delinquency," morality becomes "situation ethics." Relativism comes to the aid of egalitarianism, and the very concept of standards, criteria, hierarchy of value, is repudiated. But to distinguish, to make judgments between the better and the worse, to live by standards, is the essence of culture and civilization. It is, moreover, the foundation of justice, without which a well-ordered society cannot exist. Egalitarianism, with the destruction of standards it demands, leads inexorably to barbarism and darkness.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Why Don't They Teach Phonics?

RUSSELL KIRK

"Only one country in the Western world has any problem teaching its children to read. Only the United States is familiar with the term 'remedial reading.'" So writes to me a lady in Colorado. "When I pointed this out to a teacher," my correspondent continues, "she immediately defended our system by saying that all other Western languages are phonetically sound; that only English is irregular. She is correct in her statement; but England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, New Zealand and Australia also use the English language, and none of these countries has a serious reading problem. (New Zealand has the highest literacy rate in the world.) Both Canada and England do have some difficulty in this field, but only in the districts that have copied the American look-and-say system.

Kirk

"How do they do it? There is a one-word answer: phonics. (Among the educationists, *phonics* is a dirty word. We pay it lip service to quiet the disturbed parent of the child who can't read, but actual teaching by phonics is taboo.) They say, 'But we do teach phonics!' Don't believe them. An illustration of consonant blends on alternate Thursdays is not teaching phonics. They say, 'But phonics is only one tool among many that we use to teach reading.' Don't believe them. Phonics *is* reading and spelling. They say, 'But children don't read *letters;* they read words, phrases, sentences.' Don't believe them. When Paderewski first began to play the piano, he didn't play chords, measures, and concertos; he learned one note at a time. A baby takes *one* step; he does not begin to walk by running the four-minute mile. Similarly, a child learning to read must know the sound of one letter at a time."

This intelligent correspondent inquires of me why it is that ferocious opposition to tried-and-true phonetic methods of learning to read is frequently encountered among school administrators and teachers. Her answer is supplied by an experienced California teacher, writing to me without knowledge of the Colorado inquiry.

"The reason why you (and I include all Better School groups) are finding such resistance to your efforts to effect change in educational systems is that you are up against the Righteous," this Californian remarks. "Teachers and administrators are the nicest, most sincere, honorable, dedicated, hard-working, well-meaning people in the world, and it is this niceness that you can't penetrate.

"The difficulty is increased when members of the Better Schools groups approach the problem as if teachers and administrators were intentional conspirators in the great plot to undermine the youth of America. Teachers, in turn, react as if the Better Schools people were intentional conspirators to undermine the public school system—which, of course, is sacred. The implication that a teacher would do anything not in the best interest of her pupils is so horrifying that she is unable to listen to the most logical of arguments.

When Phonics Isn't Phonics

"You see, educators think they *are* teaching phonics. And to that, they've added all the 'comprehension skills' and deleted all the 'meaningless' drill. They sincerely believe that your criticism is unjustified, that they (as a group) are experts, and that your particular idiocy lies in the mistaken belief that anybody who has ever been to school knows how it should be taught.

"Few people today, including teachers, actually know what the phonetic method is, nor do they understand the phonetic principles of the language. But they think they know, and they are hurt when you criticize their honest efforts to teach what they mistake for phonics.

"Child psychology and educational psychology have convinced nearly everybody that an academic approach in the elementary grades will defeat most children, because they 'don't learn that way,' or they may become discouraged or bored or overworked or maladjusted. This is the rationalization behind the beginning reading program, controlled vocabulary, readiness, maturity levels, and even the social studies. It is the reason that history is taught in unit form and not chronologically.

Teachers As Victims

"Educators are victims of their own systems, and I include myself among these people. I have been teaching for a dozen years, and I marvel at the great security with which my fellow professionals calmly face all questions, with a terrible certitude that their pat answers proclaim truths revealed to teachers by some superintellect (probably John Dewey). They *know*. . . . The new teachers coming out of the universities are fresh, idealistic and saturated with Deweyism. Their only knowledge of phonics comes from newspaper articles which equate parent protest-groups with current political pressures."

Just so. This point was made by Dr. Max Rafferty, too, in his address to the Fifth Anniversary Conference of the Reading Reform Foundation, last August. And as Professor Arther Trace said at the conference, "The Dick-and-Jane type reading program can only be described as a space-age horse and buggy. Nor is it an ideal horse and buggy. Actually, the horse is old and lame and tired, and the buggy itself has square wheels. And yet more than three-fourths of our American children are riding in it at the present time." If you would know more, inquire of the Reading Reform Foundation, 36 West 44th St., New York 10036.

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The Victor Belongs to the Spoils

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

On one occasion in early 1964, Teddy White was musing on the difficulties he felt he was going to face in writing the second volume of *The Making of the President*. "A book on politics," he said, "to be widely read must have a hero. The villain problem then takes care of itself." By which he meant that anyone who opposes The Good Guy becomes, by definition, The Bad Guy. A born Democrat and longtime Liberal ideologist, White had found it easy, in *The Making of the President 1960*, to cast Jack Kennedy as his hero. "But how the hell am I going to make a hero of Johnson?" Mr. White made the necessary accommodation. Along with the majority of his journalistic colleagues, he made Goldwater an outsized villain, and let the hero problem take care of itself.

If this approach to the writing of contemporary campaigning history sounds a trifle dishonest, especially when coming from a reporter celebrated for his ability to see political life steady and see it whole, we have only to remind ourselves that in proportion as any citizen (even you or I) becomes politically engaged, he tends to see his man as a paragon and his opponent as a rascal.

By his choice of a title, William Buckley seems deliberately to have invited critical comparisons between *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, by William F. Buckley Jr. Viking, $6.95

The Unmaking of a Mayor and Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1964*. Or he may have wished simply to notify prospective readers that his prime literary mission was the same as White's—to tell, with no apologies for his (the author's) personal political conformation, the story of a hero-candidate for high public office in full campaign cry, to analyze his weaknesses and strengths, and to seek to identify the factors and forces that made the outcome for him more or less inevitable. *The Unmaking of a Mayor* would have made livelier reading, perhaps, if Buckley had not taken such pains to document so meticulously the truth of every charge made by him and the falsity of the charges made against him. But this documentation has its plus side: Buckley's book cannot fail to become an invaluable source for political scholars.

The success of Buckley's undertaking must suffer by comparison with White's campaign reportage in one respect: the appeal of his subject matter—the New York mayoralty campaign of 1965—is necessarily more limited. Who comes to be President is of lively concern to most adult Americans, and to all literate ones. The personal virtues or vices of the Presidential candidates, the ideas they put forth or fail to put forth, the accidents, deals, machinations, manipulations, devices and techniques, by which one of them is finally elevated to the most powerful office in the world, are of absorbing interest to millions of people, including, in modern times, foreigners. But apart from those party pols who feel the repercussions of any great state election on the national party structure, few non-New Yorkers—and far too few New Yorkers—give a hoot in Hell's Gate who comes to grace, or disgrace, Gracie Mansion.

Most people see New York clearly for what it is and has been for several decades—the biggest urban mess on earth. And on the basis of its past political history, most tend to assume that no matter who walks into City Hall, he will be unable to change the Empire City in any important respect for the better. "The victor belongs to the spoils" seems to be the unwritten law of New York City politics.

Is the mayoralty candidate just one more Democratic machine politician? Whatever his campaign promises, once elected he is seen to give over to the old bosses who secured his election, and the decay and despoliation of the city proceed unabated. Or, does the candidate happen to be a "goo-goo boy"? (A description used by cynical New York pols of other days to describe a "good government," reform or Fusion candidate, and rescued by Buckley from the archives of "bossism" to describe Mr. Lindsay.) Once elected the fate of a goo-goo mayor is to play, for an hour, the fatuous role of a King Canute, bidding the relentless tides of crime and corruption recede before majestic rectitude. And when they threaten, instead, to roll over him, he is seen to look around for the old bosses who can ride their crests, recognize new ones, or fail of re-election. From a New Yorker's point of view, it is, perhaps, the singular virtue of Buckley's book that it vigorously challenges the popular assumption that "nothing can be done about New York," and that the voter's only choice must forever lie between cynical "bossism" and ineffectual "goo-gooism."

NON-NEW YORKERS will enjoy *The Unmaking of a Mayor* as the racy story of a political novice, who, challenging both "bossism" and "goo-gooism," and advancing ideas widely assumed to be repugnant to the vast majority of the electorate, puts his finger on every sore spot in New York politics, puts his opponents to shame as debaters, puts his tiny party on the political map of New York City, and puts himself into the national limelight.

For the purposes of high—or low—political comedy, Buckley's Good Guy *vs.* Bad Guy story could not have had a better cast if Hollywood itself had chosen it. The Good Guy in *The Unmaking of a Mayor* (the author him-

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self) is rich, youngish, energetic, urbane, Yale-bred, Catholic—editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. No one has coaxed him to run, not even his own party (the four-year old Conservative Party, with only 20,000 registered voters in the entire state).

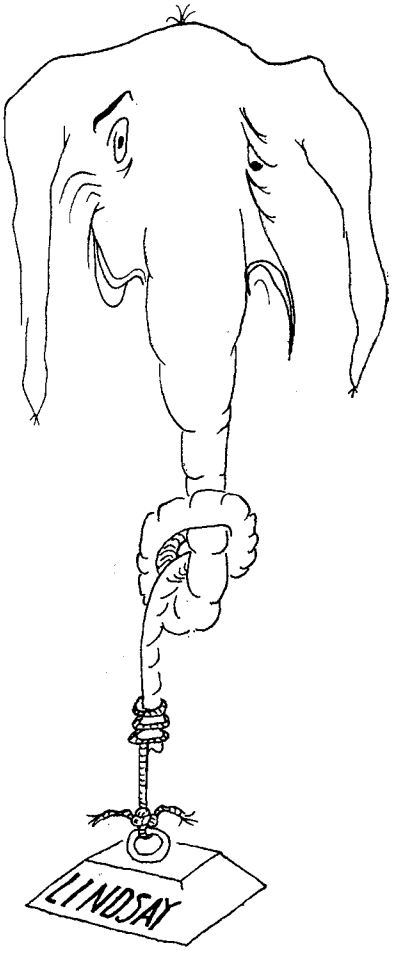
The villain of Buckley's piece, albeit hero to Powers and Principalities, and lots of just plain good people, is John Vliet Lindsay. The three-term congressman from New York's elite "silk stocking" District is Protestant, politically experienced and motivated, and a Liberal Republican. Like the hero, he is rich, youngish, energetic, urbane, and Yale-bred, all of which gives his confrontations with Buckley a piquant Greek-meets-Greek flavor. And, by common consent, Lindsay is also tall and handsome.

When Buckley's story opens, Lindsay has a lot more going for him than his good looks, which may or may not, in the end, have been his principal personal political asset. (Buckley thinks they were.) Lindsay has access to the princely campaign funds which the victory-starved Republican Establishment, New York taxes notwithstanding, can still whomp up for even a *soi-disant* Republican, provided he has a good chance of winning. He is, to quote Buckley, "first-rate horse-flesh." He has the presses of the *New York Times*, the *Post*, the *Tribune*, the *World-Telegram*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* rolling for him.

He also has other advantages which New York Republicans seeking high office have not always enjoyed in recent times—he has the support of organized labor via the Liberal Party, and the reasonable hope that Governor Rockefeller will not pull the rug out from under him. Most importantly, he stands to be the beneficiary of the public's weariness with the "old faces" in City Hall, which the public holds responsible for most of the miseries that plague the huge, bankrupt city. The slogan chosen for Lindsay's campaign billboards, "He is fresh. They are tired," tends to show that the candidate also shares the popular belief that the cure, if not cure-all, for New York's ills is a change of personnel in the administration.

Mr. Lindsay has one more thing going for him. Advertised for some time in his campaign literature as "The Pride of the District and the Hope of the Nation," he seems to be potential Presidential timber for a party that can boast of scarcely more than two or three splinters.

The main obstacle to this villain's realization of his ambitions is a secondary hero—or secondary villain—(reader's option), namely Abraham Beame, official candidate of the dominant Democratic Party. Abe Beame is shy, inarticulate, authentically urban but distinctly not urbane, and by no means tall and handsome. His



main qualification, besides his Jewishness in a Jewish city, is that he is a fiscal expert. Also, he is impeccably honest. The reader will share Mr. Buckley's wonderment that these qualifications should have received so little attention from the press, in a campaign in which the issue of fiscal irresponsibility was held to be important. Beame might have been called "Honest Abe" with no strain whatever on the voters' credulity, but for the fact that Lindsay's supporters had already proclaimed that Lindsay's "image" is "Lincolnian," combining the appellative incongruously, from time to time, with "glamorous." Even more incongruously perhaps, the glamorous Lincolnian Lindsay is also described as a "second Kennedy." In any event, as it becomes routine in the course of the campaign for the press to refer to Buckley as "suave and brilliant," and to Lindsay as "tall and handsome," so the adjectives "shy and lackluster" become affixed to Beame.

Nor could Hollywood improve much on Buckley's basic story line. Buckley is, as it were, dropped accidentally into the political fray when an editor slaps the heading, "Buckley for Mayor?" onto one of Buckley's nationally syndicated columns, and this is taken as an announcement of Buckley's candidacy. Whereupon, and with mercifully little soul-searching, he decides to run, although he knows that he has no chance to win. Ignored at first, our hero is shown battling every inch of the way against the above-listed insuperable odds, and slowly moving to the fore, until his own candidacy is finally recognized by both Beame and Lindsay as the prime threat to the hope each has of being hailed Hizzoner. Whereupon Lindsay and Beame stop lambasting one another, and pile on Buckley. Buckley's descriptions of the reversal tactics of his opponents are both hilarious and horrifying.

Hollywood might tinker a bit with the ending of the Buckley story. For, in real-life fashion, the "insuperable odds" against the Good Guy remain insuperable. (Electoral vote in percentages: Lindsay 45.3%, Beame 38.8%, Buckley 13.4%. Cost to the candidate per vote garnered: Lindsay $2.24, Beame $2.08, Buckley 72¢.) Mr. Buckley's views on how and why, in the last weeks of the campaign, Lindsay came galloping home will not please all readers, but it cannot fail to educate them in some of the sweet uses of demagogy and bigotry.

What Hollywood could *not* improve on is Buckley's script. *The Unmaking of a Mayor* is the wittiest piece of sustained political reportage that has appeared in this generation. I do not hesitate to suggest that, of all the men I have known in my lifetime, the three who would have appreciated it most are Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, and President John F. Kennedy. For the real "second Kennedy," Bobby, it is for obvious reasons required textbook reading.

Buckley's literary style is nothing like White's, whose prose, while sac-

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rificing nothing to vulgarity, is nevertheless no tax on the vocabulary of the ordinary reader. Writing or speaking, Buckley's grammar is so elegant, and his rhetoric so lofty, as to seem old-worldly and old-fashioned. But it is saved—on every page—from preciosity and pomposity by a glittering and sometimes murderous wit.

Excerpts from the famous Beame-Lindsay-Buckley TV debates abound, and explain why a pro-Lindsay reporter wrote sadly, "Destruction *can* be fun." Buckley found Mr. Lindsay's "Achilles heel" (one reporter wrote), "he could not laugh at himself." "Love [Buckley], or hate him," another wrote, "TV fans found it difficult to turn off a master showman. Even tall, handsome and personable John Lindsay found himself being upstaged time and time again." And another: "Mr. Buckley has come so far in the race, not only because of his appeal to Conservatives, but because he has wowed them on television." Fortunately for the reader the book offers many new examples of the Buckley gift for forensical karate. The mayor of author Buckley's unmaking is—let there be no mistake—Mayor Lindsay. And the book continues Buckley's campaign operation, which was to reduce Mr. Lindsay from Presidential timber to Presidential plywood.

IN THE UNMAKING OF A MAYOR, Buckley probes a far more serious weakness than John Vliet Lindsay's want of humor, namely—his want, and the Republican Party's want, at the present, of any political ideas that warrant an accession to power.

Buckley told the National Press Club, in one of his earliest appearances as a candidate, that so far as New Yorkers went it made no difference whether Beame or Lindsay won, since neither man had any concrete programmatic solutions for New York's problems other than crying on the Federal Government (and the taxpayers of the other 49 states) to bail it out of bankruptcy. And Buckley said, "As far as Republicans are concerned, out over the country, they may very well not care if a Republican running in New York, who refused to support the Republican Presidential candidate, now gladly supports New York Socialists and is supported by them, hoping to graduate to eminence in the national Republican Party." But Buckley cared —and enormously. In his eyes, Lind-

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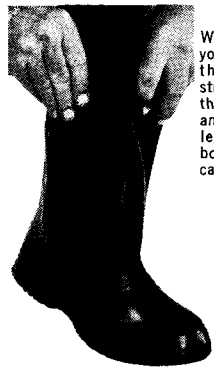

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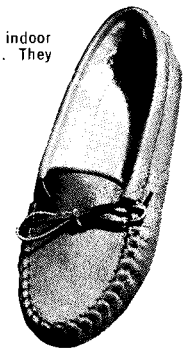

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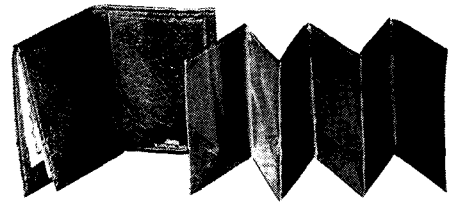

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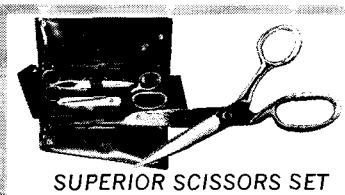

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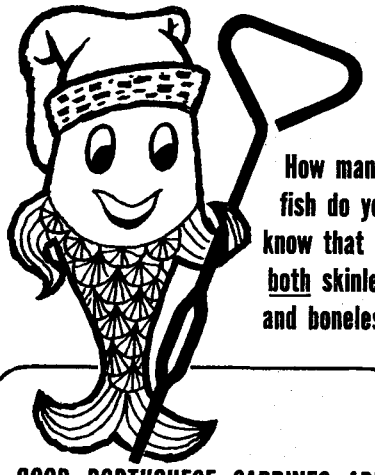

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say was "fresh" only in the sense that he was fresh out of any new political ideas, especially ideas for the solution of the problems of the huge, bankrupt city he sought to govern.

"There is never in operation a meaningful two-party system if the two parties are programmatically indistinguishable from one another." To Buckley, Lindsay was the very symbol of all the forces working in the GOP to remove any last traces of distinguishability. An overwhelming Lindsay victory, he felt, would presage the party's final surrender in New York, perhaps even at the national level, to the political philosophy of the socialist New York Liberal Party. Buckley demolishes the "spoiler" thesis as an explanation of his campaign motivation and establishes that his prime reason for entering the campaign was to argue the superior cause of conservatism and to put forth, at the hustings, concrete conservative programs.

To what extent the reader will agree with Buckley's thoughtful political formulations for treating the ills that afflict the greatest city in the world will depend, as this reviewer has already suggested, on his own political orientation. But he will certainly be convinced that political charisma alone, or even in combination with federal handouts, will not, in the end, be enough to make juvenile delinquents obey their parents, narcotic addicts kick the habit, criminals lay aside their guns, traffic unsnarl, racial tensions abate, polluted air clean up, taxes drop, and New York's gigantic financial deficit vanish.

Buckley's second objective in running—to have the Conservative Party outpoll the Liberal Party—was attained. Conservatives, 13.4%, Liberals 11.1%. Consequently, his book ends on a note of hope. His hope is that not too many tragedies will overtake New York—and the nation—before the electorate learns that, in politics, fresh ideas are likely to be more salvific than fresh faces. He even dares to hope that the ideas of the Conservative Party, will, sooner rather than later, begin to exert influence in American politics, through the agency of the Republican Party. If this does not happen, Buckley threatens, he may run again, or write another book. One almost hopes that the GOP will remain unregenerate.

An Enemy of the Press

M. STANTON EVANS

CRITICISM OF THE Liberal press is usually dismissed, in the Liberal press, as an affront to journalistic virtue. Off and on over the years, and with unflagging thoroughness since the 1964 election, media spokesmen have slurred their antagonists as cranks who hate "the press" and are loath to have their stupidities honestly reported. (*"But how can you be 'fair' to Goldwater when he says things like. . ."*) Because the complaints originate chiefly with people outside the profession, this gambit has for the most part been successful.

Capable of Honor, by Allen Drury. Doubleday, $5.95

Comes now Allen Drury—professional journalist, alumnus of the *New York Times*, author of distinguished political fiction—whose new book turns out to be a triumphantly punishing critique of the Liberal press.

In this third novel of his best-selling series about Washington, Drury charges, by way of openers, that the media are biased, vindictive, petty, mean-hearted, and ruinous to the national security. After establishing this, he goes on to suggest what he thinks is the matter with them.

Since he is both a journalist and a dramatic craftsman, Drury is able to present the indictment with authenticity and precision. The combination of skills makes it likely his novel will expose the workings of the Liberal press more convincingly to more people than any other such effort to date. Whether the leftward media will in consequence flog this Pulitzer Prize winner as an enemy of "the press" is an interesting question. If they value their easy dominion over the American mind, they will almost certainly have to make the attempt.

The central figure in *Capable of Honor* is an oracular columnist named "Walter Dobius," a knee-jerk Liberal committed to all known species of modern error up to and including that

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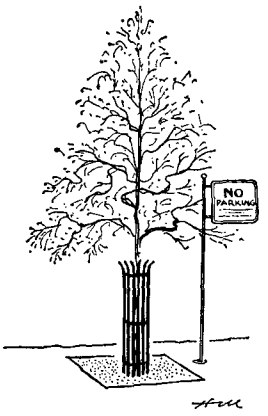
Communism can be and should be appeased at every possible opportunity. In a prose style reminiscent of another Walter, Dobius hands down Olympian judgments which set the measure for other newsmen and government officials alike. It happens, however, that Drury's Washington contains a President who deplores appeasement and thinks Walter Dobius a pipsqueak. Assisted by a militantly anti-Communist Secretary of State, the President scotches an exercise in Communist aggression and blandly orders a veto of UN efforts to halt American intervention. Dobius is horrified, the entire Liberal press is horrified, and the machinery of polemical assassination is set in motion. The *Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Look*, *Newsweek*, CBS, NBC and various others let fly with "war hawks," "irresponsibles," and other epithets characteristic of the free, objective Liberal press. In the denouement, the Dobius forces attempt to deny the President renomination.



In spinning this tale, Drury ticks off the cant phrases by which reputations are made and murdered, policies promoted or destroyed, error driven home and truth shamed out of countenance. Those who accept the proper clichés are "moderates"; those who resist are "extremists." A firmly anti-Communist candidate is "irresponsible," "can't win," has "something about him" one doesn't like. Enemies of the orthodoxy find their resting place in newspaper cartoons beneath manhole covers; servants of it are portrayed as shining "young idealists." Pro-Communist revolutionaries are "freedom fighters," while those who combat them are the enemies of peace. Soviet intransigence is understandable, but U.S. resolution "frightening."

Accorded special treatment are the not-so-subtle tricks of selective coverage which have for years distorted America's vision of what is going on in the world: a constant sounding of the alarm, not about Communist aggression, but about the risks and dangers of mobilizing nuclear defenses against it. The perpetual dwelling upon the blemishes of regimes challenged by Communist revolution (Chiang, Batista, Trujillo, Rhee, Boun Oum, Diem), utter silence about the crimes of the revolutionaries who do the challenging (Mao, Castro, Nkrumah, Lumumba, Ben Bella, Sukarno). Unflagging preoccupation with the charges of the Liberals against conservatives, blank indifference to the conservative case against the Liberals. All of this repeated daily in newspapers, magazines, TV commentary.

Drury supplies some appropriate fictional examples. When Walter Dobius suggests the real reason for our overseas intervention is to protect American oil interests, Drury has CBS, NBC, and the *Times* respond with documentaries on such topics as "Oil: How Much Does It Still Dictate Policy?" and "Oil: New Sword of Empire?" (the titles are perfect)—documentaries which conveniently overlook Communist aggression, the killing of American citizens, the destruction of American property (remember anything like that out of Katanga?). When the fighting heats up, stories blossom on such subjects as "European Opinion Condemns U.S.," along with elaborate coverage of the hardships and casualties suffered by civilians on the rebel side—again finessing the question of Communist aggression.

While *Capable of Honor* is not altogether a *roman à clef*, the story line compounds many elements from contemporary politics. The resemblance of the chief journalistic character to Walter L - ppm - nn is pointed. The rising against a President led by a ruthless young politician of the President's own party looks a good deal like LBJ battling Bobby Kennedy; the anti-Communist figures remind one of Bob Taft and Nixon with maybe a little Barry Goldwater in there, too. The climatic convention battle is an obvious take-off on 1964, as TV commentators hover endlessly over Liberal aspersions, attribute dark intentions to conservatives, and cut away from conservative spokesmen for extended "analysis" by such as Dobius—all of which is a good deal closer to fact than is the journalism it satirizes.

The net impact of these vengeful filigrees is summarized by one of the Drury characters as follows: "Every

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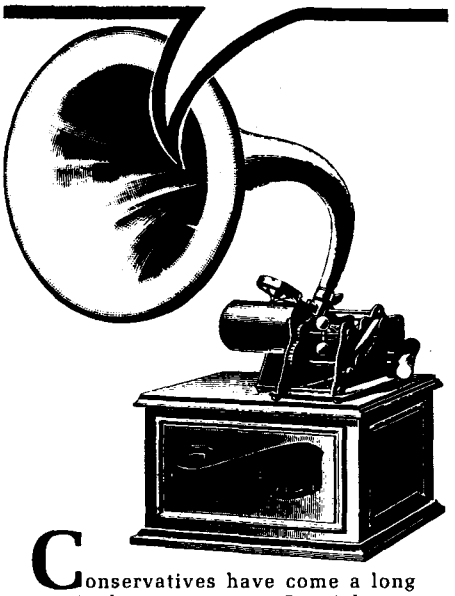

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convention I can remember in my adult life, in either party, they've managed to sell to the public as a desperate, last-ditch battle by a tiny little band of vastly outnumbered Liberals fighting tooth and nail against an enormous, overwhelming conspiracy of conservatives—whereas, actually, nine times out of ten, the situation has been exactly the reverse. The Liberals have had nearly all the press, all the television, all the radio, all the academic, scientific, publishing, theatrical, communications worlds—every possible means of publicity and favorable presentation to the American people. . . ." And so, in fact, it is.

This is a well-constructed novel which, if not the equal of *Advise and Consent*, in places rises to similar heights and focuses even more intensely on the central issues of our age. As ever, Drury is most impressive when he evokes the backroom maneuvering of Washington intrigue, and he has an excellent sense for the alternating boredom, panic and exaltation of political conventions. If some of the minor characters are by necessity passion-play figurines, the major ones are well-sculpted, their resonance deepened by the Balzacian echoes from Drury's previous novels. For conservatives, the book will prove to be a long roll in the catnip; for others, good reading which should stir doubts about the frequent horror that masks itself as objective journalism.

The Secret of August 1914

STEFAN T. POSSONY

SARAJEVO marked the first military action of World War I, according to the Communist historian M. N. Pokrovsky. Yet 52 years later, our knowledge about the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Austrian commander-in-chief, *still is incomplete.*

Dedijer is a Yugoslav Communist and Tito's court biographer. In 1954, because of the Djilas affair, he was expelled from the Central Committee and was permitted to teach abroad. He is again living in Yugoslavia, and recently was selected by the former philosopher Bertrand Russell to be one of the "judges" who are to "try" Messrs. Johnson, McNamara and Rusk

The Road to Sarajevo, by Vladimir Dedijer. Simon and Schuster, $11.95

for their supposed "war crimes." Dedijer could scarcely have accepted this assignment without Tito's permission.

The Road to Sarajevo is one of the better histories to be written by a leading Communist. The image of astounding scholarship is cultivated carefully, but the impression is somewhat deceptive. For example, Dedijer berates an author who asserted that key dispatches were taken from the files of the Russian Foreign Ministry, but apparently Dedijer does not know the full story and he chides the wrong man. Indeed, despite hundreds of footnotes, Dedijer's documentation is surprisingly spotty.

There are twenty-odd theories about the "true" background of the plot and Dedijer deals effectively with most of them: the Jews, Freemasons, *French, Germans, Hungarians and* Austrians, etc., did not do it. It is undisputed that the deed itself was perpetrated by members of the *Mlada Bosna* (Young Bosnia), the local revolutionary outfit which included nationalists, socialists and anarchists, and about which the author has provided interesting data.

Dedijer's thesis, which remains mostly implicit, is first that the assassination was predominantly the work of the Mlada Bosna, and second, that the Mlada Bosna was a home-grown Bosnian movement and not a creation of Serbia. Hence Sarajevo was not an act of international provocation and conflict, but a purely "domestic" affair.

The international aspects of the action at Sarajevo are belittled and partly concealed. The statute of the Slovenski Jug (an organizational ancestor of the Black Hand) called for systematic collaboration with Russian revolutionaries as a major method of operation. The statute is passed over in silence. Dedijer mentions Karl Radek's statement during the Moscow purge of 1937 when Radek quoted Lenin's hint about the "secret of war" and, surprisingly, alluded to a related unrevealed secret of Gavrilo Princip,

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the Archduke's assassin. Dedijer made no particular effort to investigate this possible tie with the Bolsheviks. He does show the connection of Mlada Bosna with Mark Natanson-Bobrov, the prominent Left Social Revolutionary, but fails to elucidate Bobrov's relations with Lenin. Bobrov was one of those whom the Germans sent back to Russia during 1917—the fact gets lost in the shuffle.

With his background, Dedijer should have been able to clear up the confusion surrounding the political crisis which was shaking Serbia and which, four days before the assassination, ended when Prince Alexander assumed the regency and King Peter was given extended "sick leave," from which he never returned. This minor coup d'état was engineered by Nikolai G. Hartvig, the Russian minister whose position in Serbia, as he put it himself, was "exceptional." But Dedijer hardly acknowledges Hartvig's existence. Thus, the role of Russian imperialism is hidden.

Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevic-Apis, the G-2 of Serbia and leader of the secret Black Hand, masterminded the plot. Up to this day, the Yugoslav government still is keeping secret most of its relevant information about his conspiratorial activities. Dedijer describes a few of Dimitrijevic's roles, emphasizes his revolutionary views, and almost transforms him into a Tito *avant le mot*. But he casts doubt upon the reliability of Dimitrijevic's own admissions, notably those referring to his Russian connections; and he glosses over the fact that the foremost assassins, including Princip, were members both of the Mlada Bosna and the Black Hand.

Dedijer does not deny that the Serb government knew about the assassination plan, but he fails to mention that the matter probably was discussed in a cabinet meeting. He leaves no doubt that the assassins received logistical support from persons wearing the twin hats of the Black Hand and the Serbian army. But he obscures the point that without professional planning and direction from abroad the operation never would have succeeded. All this follows the familiar pattern which began in 1914 and which in 1919 deceived the Versailles peace conference: the *attentat* must be presented in the image of a domestic rebellion against oppression. When there is no other choice, evidence to the contrary is admitted piecemeal whereupon it is promptly emasculated. Thus, Dedijer's book does not, in any serious way, violate the canon of traditional Serb nationalism.

THE MOST IMPORTANT remaining riddle is whether the murder was planned at the instigation of high-level Russian decision-makers. Dedijer intimates that there was no Russian complicity—well, hardly any. In any event, the uncomfortable proof is held to be inconclusive. Dedijer quotes (or knows) only part of the evidence and fails to construct a pattern in which the data could become meaningful. He misrepresents the change of mind by a Soviet historian who, thirty-odd years ago, together with Pokrovsky, asserted Russian complicity. Dedijer's discussion gave me the impression that this Soviet historian had in the meantime researched the Russian archives thoroughly. But, upon checking, it turns out that he merely chose—or perhaps was told—to reinterpret in a weaker fashion evidence that had actually become stronger since he wrote last. Since Stalin's time, Communist Moscow has been covering up for Czarist

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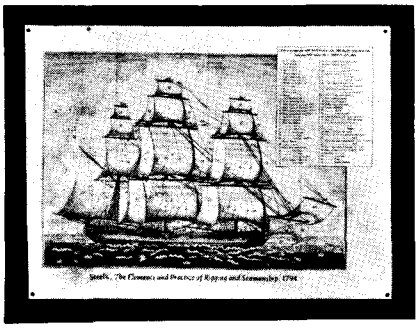

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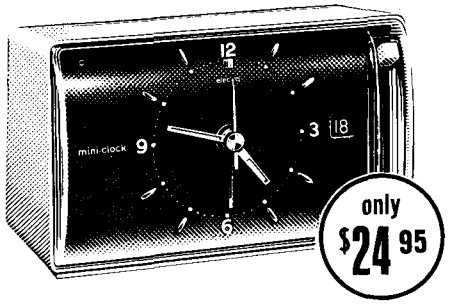

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St. Petersburg. Dedijer falls into step and thus, on the central issue of the nature of Russian foreign policy, supports the Communist Party line.

Despite these faults, *The Road to Sarajevo* remains an instructive and fascinating book, precisely because it is propaganda at its most subtle.

Movies

Sanguinauts

JOHN D. KIRWAN

ONE OF THE latest enduring norms of Western Civilization is that, pound for pound, science fiction movies (arbitrarily including fantasy and horror films) are, as a class, the mongoloid children of the film industry. There has been a veritable population explosion of giant ants, crabs, moths, leeches, teen-agers, pterodactyls and diverse other megalo-creatures who stomp around the countryside and dutifully destroy papier-maché Tokyos, Londons and New Yorks—while unforgivably sparing some egregiously poor actors. Indeed, if some enterprising masochist were to hold a film festival of the worst movies ever made, this *genus* would be well represented. Strictly speaking, though, most "science fiction" movies are not sf at all. They are usually fantasy and/or horror films, which is not to say they are automatically bombs. *Them* and *Dracula,* for example, were well-done, enjoyable flicks, but they were not sf.

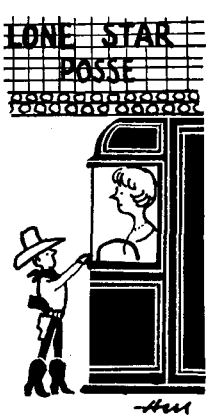
Well then, you may ask, what *is* sf?

John W. Campbell, editor of *Analog* and *NR* contributor, puts it neatly: "To be science fiction an honest effort at extrapolation must be made." Though hyper-pure, this is a good working definition which would automatically purge outsize etymology, lycanthropes, etc. What is left, though, should be a starting point, not ninety minutes of low-budget default.

In ascending order of importance, sf movies should have good sets, good actors, good writing and, above all, a good idea. All too often while the producer may spend a good buck on the sets, he seems to pick his cast at random from a low-rent supermarket, hires a grade-school dropout to do the script and completely eschews ideas. The result is sadly predictable, although usually he has the sporting grace to select a title consistent with the quality of the film. This is fair play, and anybody who pays good money to see *Jesse James Meets Frankenstein's Daughter* deserves all he gets.

But every couple of years "an honest effort" is made at an sf movie, using the four ingredients to good advantage. It is then that you get a classic—a *Metropolis, Things to Come,* or *Destination Moon.* Add to this list *Fantastic Voyage.* The basic idea of *Fantastic Voyage* (miniaturization of people and objects) is by no means new; it goes back to Dean Swift and beyond. However, it is employed in a novel and ingenious fashion; to wit:

The time is the very near future. The U.S. and "the other side" (guess who?) have both developed a technique for miniaturizing things to microbe size for a maximum of sixty minutes. A defecting scientist from



that selfsame other side has been roughed up, suffering a clot deep within his brain. The only way he can be cured is for a surgeon to get inside his head and gun down the clot with a laser beam. This is done by getting him and a crew into a submarine, shrinking the lot and injecting same into the carotid artery, to make their way to the clot through the human body. This trek is, of course, the fantastic voyage. The trials and tribulations of this subcutaneous odyssey, working under the twin handicaps of a time limit and an on-board saboteur, comprise the plot, which rapidly thickens (coagulates?) towards an exciting climax.

In print, this may seem like pretty cold potatoes, and in the hands of a routine producer it could have been

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really mashed; i.e., "Let's have the girl attacked by a giant tapeworm and saved from a fate worse than etc. etc."

Wisely, no attempt is made to explain the miniaturization process through pseudo-scientific doubletalk. Instead, credibility is achieved by the setting —a medico-military complex acronymed CMDF (Combined Miniaturization Deterrent Force), not unlike our space programs—a scientist's novelty fast becoming a technician's routine.

H. G. Wells once gave the following sage guidelines for good sf: "The thing that makes such imaginations interesting is their translation into commonplace terms and a rigid exclusion of other marvels from the story," since "nothing remains interesting where anything may happen." Saul David, the producer of *Fantastic Voyage*, seems to have had the great good sense to go along with this advice. After the shrinking, the subsequent events and adventures are both physiologically and artistically sound. The marvelous anatomical sets are both memorable and plausible, while the actions of the sanguinauts are likewise credible, thanks to good actors doing an excellent script (by Harry Kleiner).

STEPHEN BOYD puts in a fine performance as Grant, a sort of CIA trouble-shooter who tags along for the ride to prevent sabotage. Although soft-spoken, he is fortunately not in bondage to the James syndrome. Old pros Edmond O'Brien as a CMDF general and Arthur Kennedy as the surgeon Duval are predictably good, and Raquel Welch playing Duval's assistant is delightfully convex. Donald Pleasance, Arthur O'Connell and William Redfield also merit kudos. Richard Fleischer directs them all with skill and verve.

Sam Moskowitz, the unofficial chronicler of sf (there is no official one), has long maintained that a prime criterion of sf should be a "sense of wonder." In this day and age of instant miracles, when space flights no longer rate banner headlines and scientific marvels are increasing in geometric proportion, it is difficult to communicate this sense of wonder without lapsing into raw fantasy or distending known facts into a gargoyle of incredibility. But *Fantastic Voyage* has this sense of wonder; it highballs through the imagination without derailing the train of thought.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, Unabridged Edition (Random House, $25.00). After the vandalism perpetrated on the norms and traditions of the language by the Third Merriam-Webster, it is a pleasure to report that this new major dictionary seems to be based upon a respect for standards and for civilized tradition. As the editors write in their preface: "The lexicographer who does not recognize the existence of long-established strictures in usage has not discharged his full responsibility." A number of soundings in the dictionary confirm that they have been as good as their word. For example, under "like" we find: "The use of LIKE in place of AS is universally condemned by teachers and editors, notwithstanding its wide currency, especially in advertising slogans." This dictionary reads well, as a dictionary should. F. S. MEYER

HOWARD HUGHES, by John Keats (Random House, $5.95). It would be almost impossible to write a poor biography of such a fantastic personality as Howard Hughes. John Keats, who made the sparks fly with *The Insolent Chariots* and *The Crack in the Picture Window*,

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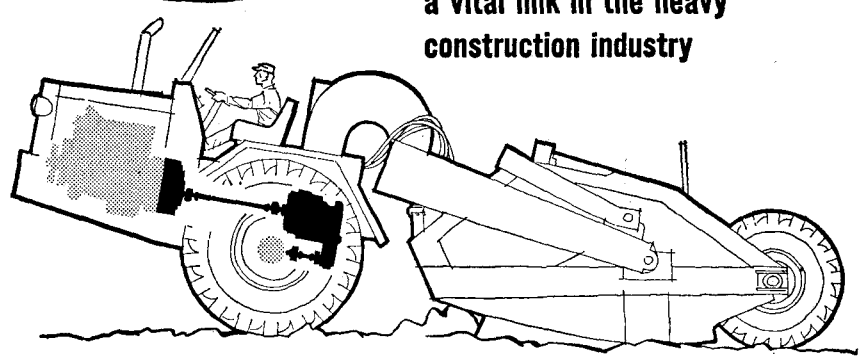

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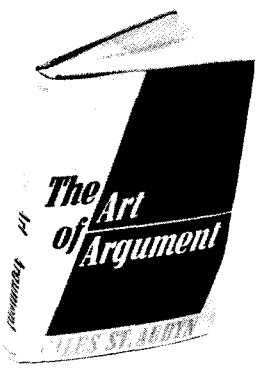

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has written a whale of a good one. At first glance it would seem that a biography of Hughes would be an easy book to write. There is a plenitude of juicy data; record-breaking flights, TWA, *Hell's Angels* and *The Outlaw,* industry, aloofness, Hollywood, and all the other interests and eccentricities which have made Hughes a living legend. A routine biography could have been done by concentrating on these sometimes flashy effects and disregarding the cause. But, is there any substance under the rich frosting? It seems there is. Not only has he made significant contributions to aviation, but perhaps of more importance, Howard Hughes is pretty much his own man. He goes by his own standards, whether sartorial or industrial, and his well-publicized sneakers hide no feet of clay. Hughes calls the shots, whether they turn out well, like his showdown victory over Senator Brewster, or badly, like *The Outlaw.* Such individualism is rare enough in any age, but in our time of fulsome endorsement of mediocrity and suspicion of non-selfless achievement, it is almost unique.

J. D. KIRWAN

THREE CHEERS AND A TIGER, by Edwin McDowell (Macmillan, $4.95). Some years ago the sports pages of a large metropolitan paper started recounting the extraordinary exploits of the low-rated Plainfield Pythons, sparked by their speedy Chinese halfback Johnny Chung. It was all a hoax. Neither the Pythons nor Johnny Chung existed, but it wasn't until

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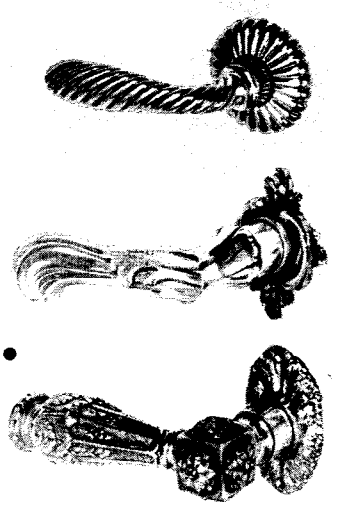

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the joker who phoned in the story week after week scheduled a game with a real team that the embarrassed sports editor checked back and scrubbed the Pythons from the Saturday opening lineup. Ed McDowell, intrigued by a clipping about the Python hoax, has recreated the team several years after Johnny Chung's heroic death in Korea and leads them to new glories, sparked this time by the intrepid Dorby Dorbett, a dropkick king and master cheerleader, and an assortment of unlikely football prospects. Mr. McDowell, whose first flight into fiction this is (he is author of a biography of Barry Goldwater and a reporter on the *Arizona Republican*), has himself a whale of a good time as the Pythons upset one team after another—always against tremendous odds—to become the number one team of the nation (almost). Whether to recommend *Three Cheers and a Tiger* to football fans this reader, not being one, wouldn't know, but suitable for the young in heart, and the gay, it definitely is. P. L. BUCKLEY

MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN, by Justin Kaplan (Simon and Schuster, $7.95). This biography starts when its subject is already 31, because, Mr. Kaplan avows, Clemens' early years are already imaginatively presented in his own books, and he prefers to show Clemens wrestling with this subjective material in later years. What emerges, however, is Clemens' wrestling match with post-Civil War America. Kaplan presents clearly the writer's dual personality, reflected in the title of the book. There was domestically respectable S.L. Clemens in his Hartford mansion and Mark Twain, the bohemian raconteur-promoter. There was also the "twinning" or "twaining" of the attacker/worshiper of the "Gilded Age," the obsession which destroyed him. One wishes that Kaplan had explored this "twinning" more profoundly, but he does no more than hint at the revealing manifestations of it in Clemens' books. He collects relatively new and interesting documentation of Clemens' literary and business relationships with notables such as G. W. Cable and Ulysses S. Grant, but by and large, the reader never

(but there are a lot of engineers, draftsmen, company presidents, do-it-yourselfers, and everybody who owns one who don't think it's so funny)

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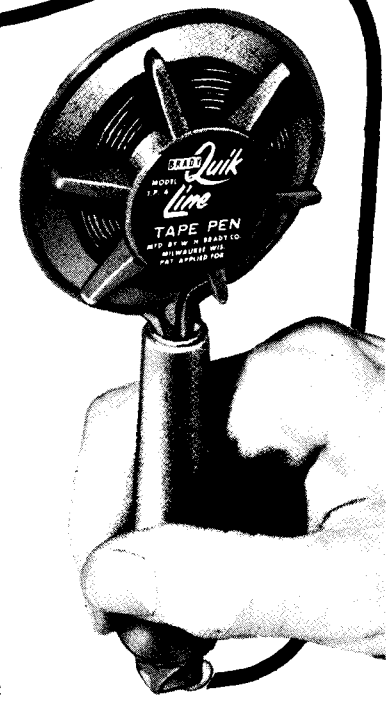

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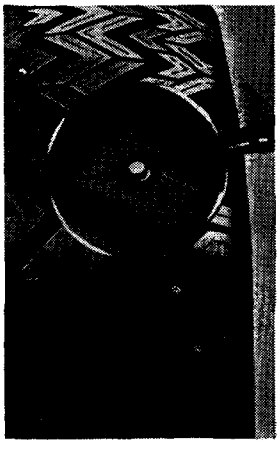

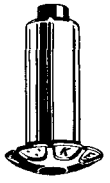

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feels a personal contact with Mark Twain. In fact, his continual avoidance of the Mark Twain revealed in his own writing is bothersome. The fault may lie partly in the omission of those early formative years. Perhaps Dixon Wecter's *Sam Clemens of Hannibal* (1952) should be required preliminary reading.

J. J. BOIES

RACCOONS ARE THE BRIGHTEST PEOPLE, by Sterling North (Dutton, $4.95). An answer to questions posed by enchanted readers of Mr. North's classic, *Rascal*, a number of whom also contributed observations and photographs incorporated in this book. An admirable naturalist, Mr. North reports in sensitive, clean prose. Other creatures (fox, beaver, fawn, bear) share these pages, but the raccoon is not only obviously the brightest, but deservedly the best-loved. While I succeeded this year in saving my corn by leaving a transistor radio (tuned very low) in the garden, I fully expect next year to find my raccoons tuning out the miserable all-night fare of rock-and-roll and satisfying their insatiable craving as heretofore.

E. MERRITT

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 1)

BEN MOREELL

THE SAFETY OF THE PEOPLE:

If men are not right at the deeper level, in their understanding of the nature of the universe and man's position therein, they can tinker with economic and political problems from now until doomsday and still come up with the wrong answers.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. Where the Saviour was born

B. Part of a foot

C. Unlike present pollsters, it quit when it missed

D. It can apply to either a pine or a road

E. Great preaching put him to sleep

F. Unscramble WASH DAY NEEDS

G. A substance present in the red blood cells of most persons and certain animals

H. Pocket money

I. Elicited

J. The new world champions

WORDS

188 3 67 73 98 101 110 121 131 145 198
91 44 138 132 182 28
9 117 53 68
97 13 130 140 147 199 38 160 30 104 84
125 159 170
107 74 105 96 129 78 63 156
111 162 134 174 77 124 149 56
113 17 22 31 46 122 173 181 27 139 71
144
136 25 39 54 146 18 42 137 155 150 7
81
186 50 64 114 135 15 32 1 6 151 80
19 12 176 93 169 158
90 69 108 123 142 168 175 193 35 41 62
116 148 187 189 10

DEFINITIONS

K. Swaggered

L. An elephant's tusk

M. This word sounds like a sneeze one ought to shun

N. What Ponce de Leon sought vainly

O. A suit that has not been decided

P. Male resident of a certain county in England

Q. Algonquian word that I use to get rid of three of a certain letter

R. Rare vocabulary entries

S. A moving picture organization (former?)

WORDS

34 178 103 143 201 23 20
52 79 161 65 190
58 133 47 86 157 99
60 5 75 83 85 106 118 165 191 36 55
43 89 126 171
200 185 40 183 92 102 141 153 72 119
26 48 195 180 88 120 164 177 66 8 128
29
179 167 112 184 76 196
192 2 4 37 51 59 61 70 95 152 163
194 14
21 24 33 49 57 82 87 94 100 166 172
197 11 16 45 109 115 127 154

See page 1182 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 H	2 R	■	3 A	4 R	5 N	6 H	7 G	8 P	9 B	10 J	11 S	■	12 I
13 C	14 R	15 H	16 S	17 F	18 G	19 I	20 K	■	21 S	22 F	23 K	■	24 S	25 G	26 P	27 F	■
28 A	29 P	30 C	■	31 F	32 H	33 S	34 K	35 J	36 N	37 R	38 C	39 G	40 O	■	41 J	42 G	■
43 N	44 A	45 S	■	46 F	47 M	48 P	49 S	50 H	51 R	52 L	53 B	■	54 G	55 N	56 E	57 S	58 M
59 R	■	60 N	61 R	62 J	■	63 D	64 H	65 L	66 P	■	67 A	68 B	69 J	70 R	■	71 F	72 O
■	73 A	74 D	75 N	76 Q	■	77 E	78 D	79 L	80 H	81 G	82 S	83 N	84 C	■	85 N	86 M	87 S
■	88 P	89 N	90 J	91 A	92 O	93 I	94 S	■	95 R	96 D	97 C	98 A	■	99 M	100S	101A	102O
■	103K	104C	105D	106N	107D	108J	109S	■	110A	111E	■	112Q	113F	114H	■	115S	116J
117B	118N	119O	120P	121A	122F	■	123J	124E	125C	■	126N	127S	128P	129D	130C	131A	132A
133M	134E	135H	136G	■	137G	138A	139F	140C	141O	■	142J	143K	■	144F	145A	146G	147C
■	148J	149E	150G	151H	152R	■	153O	154S	155G	156D	157M	158I	159C	■	160C	161L	162E
163R	■	164P	165N	166S	167Q	168J	169I	■	170C	171N	172S	173F	■	174E	175J	176I	177P
■	178K	179Q	180P	181F	182A	183O	■	184Q	185O	186H	187J	■	188A	189J	■	190L	191N
192R	193J	■	194R	195P	196Q	197S	198A	199C	200O	201K	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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VAN DER KROEF

(Continued from p. 1166)

ippine Constabulary officials have told me that Communist propaganda materials printed in Tagalog, but originating on the Chinese mainland, were being found among captured Huk supplies. Radio Peking has been broadcasting in Tagalog to the Philippines on a regular schedule since December.

There is growing official alarm over the relative ease with which mainland Chinese, equipped with false documents, have been able to enter the Philippines and establish business "fronts" for subversive activities.

There are about 300,000 Chinese in the Philippines, a sizable minority of whom, like their kinsmen in Southeast Asia, are Peking-oriented. It was this minority which financed a trip to mainland China this spring by a covey of Philippine journalists—the first time, incidentally, that the Philippine government permitted such a journey. From Peking's point of view it was a profitable investment, for most of the Philippine visitors have been singing the praises of Red China in their columns and radio and television broadcasts ever since, although the excesses of the Red Guard have lately cooled off some of them.

The Philippines, said Han Lih-Wu, Free China's Ambassador, in a widely noted interview in Manila recently, is "the next target for Communist Chinese subversion." After their failure in Indonesia, Han warned, the Red Chinese are turning their attention to the Philippines: "Their announced next military target is Thailand. But from the subversion point of view the next target is the Philippines."

FLETCHER

(Continued from p. 1167)

planned joint naval maneuvers, abandoned when the Labor government came to power.

Britain herself has little to lose. The "little blockade," will almost certainly be settled by negotiations. Tourist traffic will move across the road to the Rock more freely and the Spanish labor force needed to keep Gibraltar functioning will find its entry and exit once again easy and unhampered. It is all to Britain's advantage to end the hostility that has existed between the two countries since the Thirties. What the British are now supplying to the Rock by sea, the Spanish can supply more easily by land. The drain on British funds that the Gibraltar dispute has caused might even be reversed if the Rock were to become a base for increased sale of British machinery to a rapidly expanding Spanish market. Facing a taciturn France, Britain can only gain by building her bridges elsewhere.

And what more enviable position than that of Gibraltar? Though the 20,000 inhabitants have expressed strong reservations about the negotiations, their interests will be served too. Gibraltans now enjoy an enviable kind of dual nationality. The negotiations may provide a third alternative: those who are now technically both British and Gibraltans may soon have the option of being Spanish too. As the Spanish link becomes stronger, the problems of labor will decrease and more money will flow in from tourism. With good weather, pure drinking water, forty healthy Barbary apes, and two nations seeking their favor, Gibraltans may feel with some justification that Prudential chose its symbol wisely.

The Rock is a lovely place. It is a fitting focus for the talks now going on about it. They are in a sense utopian, for Spain and Britain and Gibraltar all stand to realize considerable benefits. It is worth remembering that in the negotiations to end the War of the Spanish Succession the penalties had been understood and accepted before the talks began. The Peace of Utrecht provided a prize for everyone.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1138)

1575 and that "not long after, Lord Dudley's young wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, was murdered in the house. . . ." The date of the Kenilworth party is correct, but Leicester's wife met her death some fifteen years earlier in their house at Cumnor. The cause of death was a broken neck sustained in a fall down a staircase; and although contemporaries whispered that it was murder, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. It was three years after this event, in September 1563, that Leicester received Kenilworth as a gift from Queen Elizabeth.

MRS. RUFUS M. HOLLOWAY JR.
Gainesville, Fla.

Mrs. Holloway's dates are perfectly correct. She is perhaps mistaken to take the verdict of that coroner's jury so seriously. As the Encyclopedia Britannica *has it, "The circumstances of [Amy Robsart's] death never have been and now cannot be cleared up. A coroner's jury, which her husband did his best to pack and influence, attributed her end to accident. There is no evidence against Dudley, unless it be evidence that he was a most unscrupulous man, and that he was generally believed to have murdered several other persons who stood in his way."*—ED.

Unsolicited Testimonial

May I congratulate you on the wonderfully clever piece in your Sept. 20 issue of *NR*?

I found "Freeman's First Annual Guide to Unsatisfactory People" perfectly delightful and most amusing. What a bright young writer!

Can't wait till next year.

New York, N.Y. MRS. NEAL B. FREEMAN

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Stand-up-and-be-counted-time on **Ronald Reagan.** In final week of campaign, Chief Justice **Earl Warren** (once himself the Republican governor of California) was telling intimates he would vote for Democrat **Brown.** . . . Rep. Senator **Thomas Kuchel** hadn't said he would vote for Brown, hadn't said he wouldn't, either. . . . **Drew Pearson** has written expected election eve columns lambasting Reagan (in one he cited heavily from HUAC testimony a decade back to suggest Reagan was then a raving leftist). . . . **Eisenhower** came out for Reagan—enthusiastically . . . . No one was surprised that Liberal **Ripon Society** left Reagan off its list of approved candidates, but everyone was surprised to find that moderate Republican Governor **John Rhodes** of Ohio was also in Riponian limbo. His transgression: he hasn't yet whooped it up for **Romney** for Prexy.

■ Why had **Soapy Williams** dipped in the polls in final pre-election weeks? According to *Worker,* because of his refusal to back away from Administration's Vietnam stand, plus his repeated assertion that best way to beat inflation was by cutting government spending. . . . **Freshmen Democratic congressmen,** who had been wooed by Administration in Congress, all complaining that Democratic National Committee kept them short of campaign funds. Some were offered list of celebrities who might entertain for them in lieu of cash. . . . Sen. **Fred Harris** of Oklahoma, who had been talked into voting against Sen. **Dirksen's** prayer amendment, forced to backtrack at last moment and try to persuade his largely fundamentalist constituency that he was *for* prayer *and* the Bible. . . . **Zoltan Ferency,** having made little or no dent in his campaigning against George Romney, quipped toward the end: "People used to ask: 'What is a Ferency?' Now they're asking, 'Who is Ferency?' "

■ It was hard, but CBS managed it: In half-hour program Oct. 30 entitled **"Seven Years of Courage"** about the plight of **Tibetans** it managed not to mention that the reason Tibetans needed courage was Red China's occupation of their land. . . . Columnist Herb Caen reports that **U Thant** is sending complimentary copies of **Felix Greene's** *Vietnam! Vietnam!* to important UN delegates. The book is violently anti-American. . . . Question? Is **Kwame Nkrumah** co-President of Guinea, or a prisoner of **Sekou Touré**'s? The late Osagyefo is now headquartered on heavily guarded Soro island, six miles off the Guinea coast. . . . Following the spectacular escape of superspy **George Blake,** British authorities transferred American-born **Helen Kroger,** another Soviet spy, to a more secure (and less comfortable) prison.

■ Next big push by student **peaceniks** will be nationwide student strike sometime in the spring. This is major winter project of the **W.E.B. DuBois Clubs** . . . . Also involved, Communist **Bettina Aptheker,** daughter of CP peace candidate **Herbert Aptheker.** She's a veteran of Berkeley Free & Filthy Speech movement. . . . **National Students Association** meanwhile is reported considering a referendum of its 300 member colleges and universities on proposal to abolish draft. . . . **Stokely Carmichael** (he'd rather go to Leavenworth than be drafted) told cheering white audience in Berkeley last week that he would not go to Vietnam: "We will not allow them to make us hired killers. If we decide to kill, we are going to decide whom to kill." . . . A federal judge in Los Angeles has dismissed petition by two young Negroes, **Karl Von Key** and **Norman Earl Richmond,** that they be exempt from draft because "colored people are not citizens of the United States, but colonial subjects."

London Daily Mirror — *Ben Roth Agency*

"I told you all these Mini-skirt court cases are having an effect . . . ."

■ Washington buzzing: Is it really true that two **Supreme Court Justices** were seen having a heart-to-heart with **Bobby Baker** in the steam room of a big private club? (Sssshhhh—it is.)

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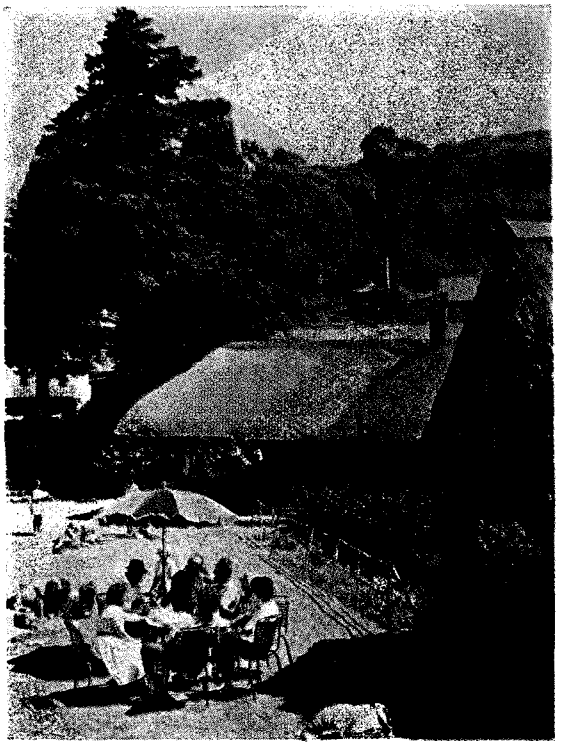
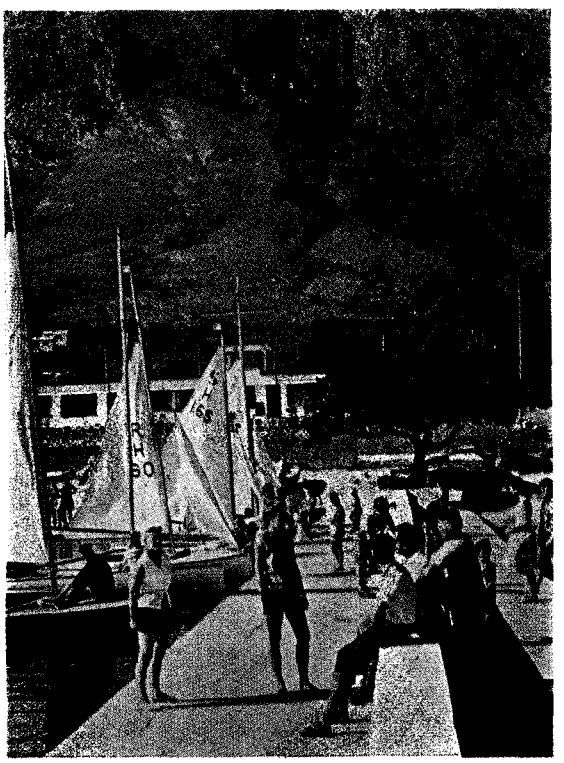
open your mind and say "ah-h"





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